WHAT DO THE STARS DO WHEN THEY LEAVE THE STUDIOS?

Movie Weekly

OCTOBER 4
1924

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ELEANOR BOARDMAN
PHOTO BY CLARENCE S. BULL

We INTERVIEW HAROLD LLOYD by GLADYS HALL and ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

VOL. IV

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No. 35

There's No One Like Her

So Helene Carlisle says, speaking of Anna Nilsson, who is the talk of Hollywood just now.

The story under the above title is one of the most interesting we have ever had the privilege of printing.

Those Double Interviewers

are weekly in receipt of dozens of letters from the readers asking for their pictures. (They begin to feel like movie stars). And if you are one of the many who are amused by the interview playlets and interested in hearing about Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher, look for the character analysis appearing with their photographs in

The OCTOBER 11th MOVIE WEEKLY

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Contents

October 4th, 1924

What the Stars Do When They Leave the Studios - - - 4
The radio bedtime story is all right sometimes—but what of the other evenings after a trying day under the Kleig lights
By Robert Mann

We Interview Harold Lloyd - - - - - - - - - 6
An interview playlet
By Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher

Bebe With Her Back to the Camera - - - - - - - 9
A friend's story about Bebe as a chum
By Regina Cannon

Out Great Neck Way - - - - - - - - - - - 11
Pictures of Tom and Frances Meighan in their Long Island home

The True Story of My Life - - - - - - - - 12
Telling of the first days in the motion picture studios
By Marion Davies

The Marriage of Patricia Pepperday - - - - - - - 14
Continuing the serial for which a prize of $100 is offered for a new name
By Grace Miller White

Across the Screen - - - - - - - - - - - 16
Reviews which will guide you to the better motion pictures

On the Set and Off - - - - - - - - - - - 18
With the motion picture people

Mrs. Wheeler Oakman of Beverly Hills - - - - - 20
A new camera study of Priscilla Dean

The Colonel - - - - - - - - - - - - 20
In which our readers' questions are answered

The Editor's Mailbag - - - - - - - - - - 23

If I Were You - - - - - - - - - - - - 24
Advice on a variety of problems
By Norma Talmadge

What Our Readers Think of Us - - - - - 24

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Predictions of Noted Scientist Fulfilled

Some remarkable instances of Astrology's successful interpretations of the future

Dr. Arthur W. Brooks, whose astrological predictions have met with such marked success that his forecasts are published in newspapers throughout the country. The chart shows Dr. Brooks' own horoscope and the newspaper clipping is from the New York Times of June 21, 1924, predicting the nomination of John W. Davis.

ON June 21st, two days before the Democratic convention opened, the prediction of Dr. Arthur W. Brooks, noted astrologer, that the convention would end in a deadlock was reported in the Washington Herald and other newspapers.

Five days later, twelve days before nominations were made, the New York Times gave Dr. Brooks' forecast of John W. Davis' nomination, as reproduced at the right.

Dr. Brooks has made many other striking predictions from his reading of the stars. He warned President Harding of approaching illness or accident on his trip. He forecast the Japanese earthquake, the Smyrna disaster, the earthquake in Chile and the Teapot Dome Scandal.

What Is Astrology

Dr. Brooks' remarkable success in forecasting the future from the horoscope makes even the most confirmed skeptic wonder whether "there is really anything in Astrology?" The fact is that few subjects have been more misunderstood and misrepresented. Unprincipled persons have exploited it to their own mercenary ends.

We forget that Astrology is in reality one of the oldest of the sciences, practised by the ancient Egyptians and endorsed by eminent scientists of all periods. As far back as 550 B. C., King Nebuchadnezzar made Daniel the "Chief of the Astrologers." The great Greek philosopher, Aristotle, believed in Astrology. So did Ptolemy, the celebrated Alexandrian astronomer and astrologer, geographer and mathematician. Tycho Brahe, the famous Danish astronomer, Keppler, the pioneer of modern astronomy, Sir Isaac Newton, discoverer of the laws of gravitation, John Flamstead, first astronomer Royal and Bishop Lucius Guricus were among the many other noted men of science who subscribed to the principles of astrology. Luther Burbank said, "I know that everything in the universe influences everything else, so naturally the stars must influence man."

The Value of Knowing Your Horoscope

If the future is written in the stars, does it mean that we have no control over our lives? On the contrary, as Dr. Brooks says, "When one understands these natural forces, he will learn how to co-operate with the cosmic forces and attain greater success. Birthday horoscopes indicate one's natural and latent tendencies. In this sense, character is destiny." "Know thyself" was the foundation of ancient philosophy, and it is in helping you to know yourself that Dr. Brooks finds one of the chief values of Astrology.

"Your Destiny Stars"

Dr. Brooks' reputation as an astrologer has naturally brought him requests from individuals all over the world for horoscope readings. Business men consult him before undertaking important enterprises. Many, too, ask Dr. Brooks' advice as to the vocation they are best fitted for. Still others seek guidance on personal matters.

Because of this widespread demand and because of his desire to place astrology in its true light, Dr. Brooks recently decided to make the fruits of his knowledge and experience available in book form. He undertook to present the science of astrology in such a simple, non-technical way that anyone might easily work out his or her own horoscope. An important feature of this wonderfully interesting book, which Dr. Brooks has called "Your Destiny Stars," is that it does not require any tedious study. You can turn at once to the Birthday Readings which give character delineations and forecastings for the future for every month in the year. Then there is information about the positive and negative days of the year and how to use them to your greatest advantage.

You can pursue the fascinating science of astrology as far as you desire. Once you start, however, you will become so absorbed that you will want to work out your horoscope to the furthest point so that you may determine every possible phase of planetary influence upon your character, your success and happiness. Each month you can figure out the aspects of the heavens in regard to any question or problem that may confront you.

Special Pre-Publication Offer

"Your Destiny Stars" is a comprehensive book, durably and handsomely bound and profusely illustrated with charts and pictures. It also contains valuable tables about the zodiac and planets. It is a book that will hold your interest from cover to cover and that you will refer to again and again with ever-increasing absorption in the fascinating science of horoscope casting.

To introduce this unique new book—the most valuable book on astrology written in the past century in America—a special pre-publication offer is made. The first copies from the press will be sent out on approval and at a special low price. Decide whether or not you want to keep the book after examination. If you return it your money will be refunded in full without question. A reference book of this character would ordinarily sell at $5.00, but the first copies of "Your Destiny Stars" will be offered at only $1.98, plus the few cents postage. As you take absolutely no risk in ordering and as this pre-publication offer may never appear again, you should mail the coupon at once. No money in advance is necessary. Address:

GARDEN CITY PUBLISHING CO.
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READER OF THE STARS SAYS DAVIS COULD WIN

Dr. Arthur W. Brooks, whose astrological predictions have attracted much attention, has cast the horoscope of John W. Davis at the request of the Davis headquarters at the Waldorf-Astoria. Dr. Brooks said yesterday that:

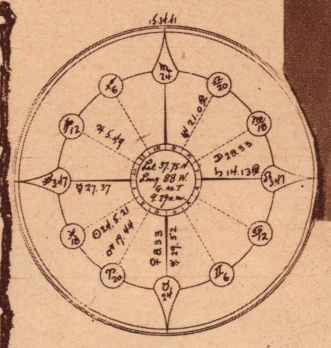
"The man most to be feared by the Republican Party is John W. Davis.

"Judging the horoscope of this prominent man, whose birth data has just been secured, his chances for nomination are encouraging for at this very time his chart is under some very favorable planetary influences, all pointing strongly to prominence, elevation to high office and triumph.

"John W. Davis was born April 13, 1873, at 11:45 P. M., Clarksburg, W. Va. This was Easter Sunday. His birthday chart shows a possibility of being suddenly swept into a high office and this, studied from the point of view of his progressed chart, indicates that now is the time.

"Mr. Davis's chart shows that he is a man of keen mentality, frank, honest, open-minded, good natured, refined, kind, quiet and practical. He is a born diplomat.

"His ascendant of birth has progressed to the house of honor, in his chart supported by the benefic aspects of Jupiter and the moon, by Mars and the sun, all of which indicates that he is the man of the hour so far as the Democratic Party is concerned, and would put up a very stubborn resistance against an opponent.



Ptolemy, the famous Alexandrian astronomer and astrologer, was the founder of the theory of planetary action and reaction and their influence on the earth.

HOW TO READ YOUR OWN HOROSCOPE

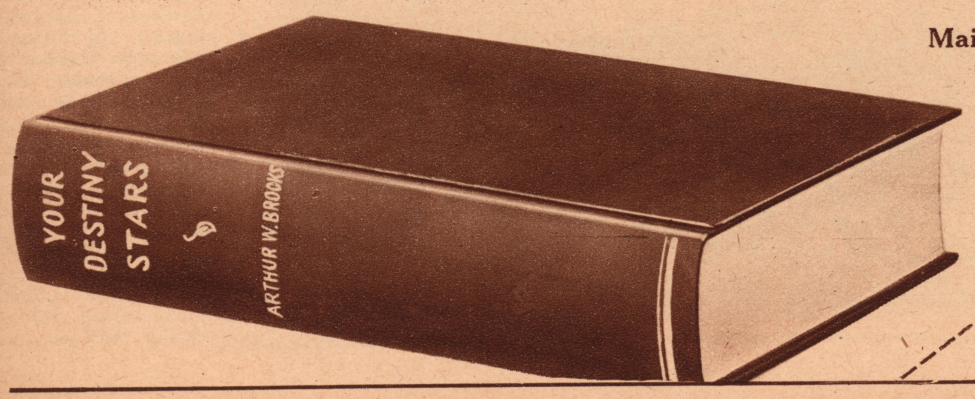
Which planetary influences predominate in your life? The war-like Mars? The artistic Venus? The prosperous Jupiter? For what type of work are you best fitted? What qualities should you seek in your marital partner? What are your favorable days and your unfavorable days? What do the planets indicate for wealth, for fame, for long life, for happiness in marriage?

Your horoscope gives interesting answers to these and scores of other questions. And now, for the first time, the whole fascinating process of making and reading your own horoscope is explained step by step in simple, non-technical language. The eminent astrologer, Dr. Arthur W. Brooks tells you just how to do it. Read how on this page.

Napoleon, who believed in astrology, constantly depended upon his famous Book of Fate. He lost it before the Battle of Leipzig and thereafter never won a battle.

Galileo, great Italian astronomer, and one of the first explorers of the mysteries of the heavens.

Sir Isaac Newton, discoverer of the law of gravitation and a firm believer in astrology.



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Garden City, New York.

Gentlemen: In accordance with the Pre-Publication Offer, you may send me one of the first copies of "Your Destiny Stars," on approval. When the postman delivers it, I will pay the special low price of $1.98 plus the few cents postage with the understanding that my money will be refunded in full if I care to return the book within five days after receiving it.

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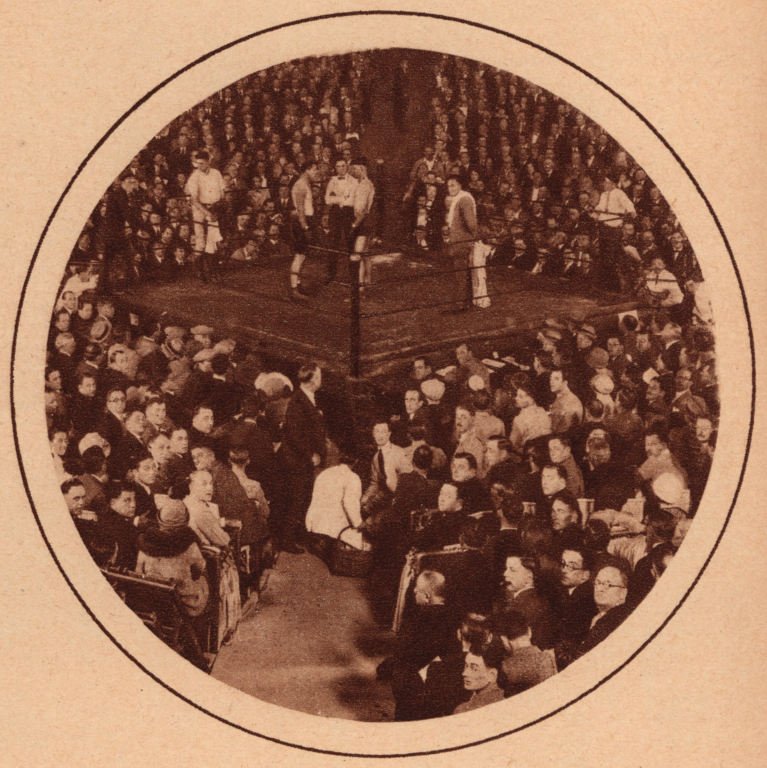
What the Stars Do When They Leave the Studios

By Robert Mann



EVEN in Hollywood, Land of the Free—and Easy—there is nowhere to go but out. With money to lavish on gorgeous and costly amusements—opera boxes, night clubs, casinos of chance, bals masque and the races, the motion picture millionaires find themselves living in a tree-embowered country town, governed by retired Iowa farmers where, if they dance beyond one o'clock in the Biltmore ballroom, the Mayor sends around a couple of cops to put out the lights and tell them to go home to bed.

One of the most popular cafes in Hollywood has a huge sign grimly confronting all who enter, "Patrons Are Earnestly Requested Not to Embarrass the Management by Bringing Liquor." Evening dress is the exception instead of the rule at amusement places. Solomon and all the Mrs. Solomons never possessed greater glory of attire than the screen sheiks and shebas, but there is no place suitable to wear tall silk hats and diamond tiaras.

Still our little town has its simple and harmless pleasures. Though most of the acacia and palm lined streets are dark at nine o'clock p. m. and the majority of screen folk spend their evenings discussing real estate or listening to what Br'er Fox said to ol' Mis' Peter Porcupine over the radio, still up on the Boulevard there is a brave display of wattage and even an electric sign or two.

At the doorway of the Far East Chop Suey Parlor a chink in mandarin garb pounds a tom tom, through the open casements of a restaurant comes the snarl of jazz and the lisp of dancing feet, the searchlight above Sid Grauman's Egyptian Theatre reveals a turbanned and brightly robed Arab figure pacing back and forth across the roof parapet.

All the cafes and restaurants in Hollywood make bids for movie patronage. The stars who sit about their tables are an unofficial but indispensable part of the entertainment, and one of the duties of the waiters is to point out Monte Blue, Clara Bow and other screen celebrities to tourists from the Middle West. If the waiters don't happen to know the stars by sight they point them out just the same.

The Club Petruska (Little Clown) was not named after Charlie

Photograph by Home Studios

Above is the *Cocoanut Grove* where no one leaps for the stuffed monkeys when they are unexpectedly let down from the foliage with more enthusiasm than some star whose weekly wage runs into the thousands. Incidentally, this feature of *Hollywood* night life was copied in the cafe scene in *"Three Women"*

In the circle is a ringside view of the stadium, which is packed every *Friday* night with the manly devotees of the boxing art. In the first row the heads of *Viola Dana* and *Shirley Mason* may be discovered if you look carefully. *Conway Tearle* is also discernible.

On the left, the *Beach Club, Santa Monica,* where the players often drive for a swim if they finish their scenes earlier than usual.

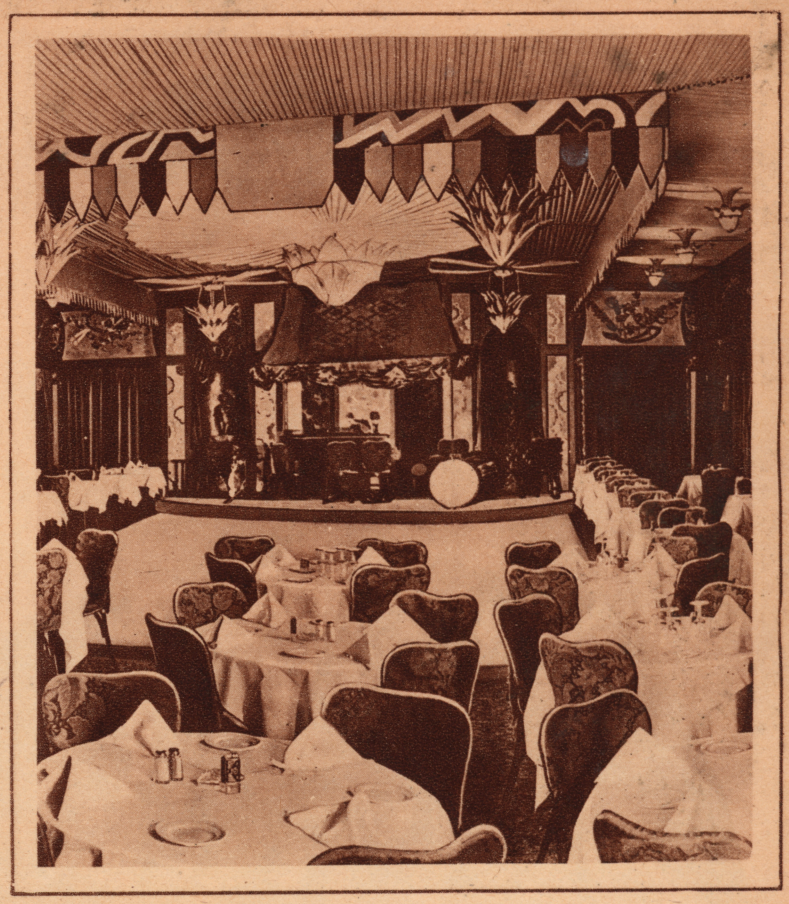
What to do evenings in Hollywood is a problem. With money to spend and beautiful clothes and jewels to wear, the cinematic millionaires find themseles in a little suburban town, governed by retired Iowa farmers.

Some diversions have come to pass . . . it is amusing to read how the stars frequent them when they weary of hearing the bedtime stories over their radios.

Photograph by M. F. Weaver

Chaplin, though it owes its present prosperity to him. In spite of its walls covered with Russian peasant scenes in bright color, its cabaret and orchestra, it was sparsely filled in the evening until the memorable occasion when an oil millionaire dining with Mildred Harris made some slighting remark to Charlie sitting at the next table and the comedian proved he could wield something stronger than a custard pie by knocking him into the orchestra.

From that moment the Club Petruska was a success. It is a favorite resort of the present sheik of Hollywood night life, Jack Dempsey, who displays his handsome new Greek model nose there nightly at a table for two reserved especially for him, the other one of the two being



usually Estelle Taylor. Apache dancers amuse the diners, but after the tourists have hungrily taken in every detail of Mae Murray's marvelous coiffure and Pola Negri's wondrous gown and paid their bills and departed at the dissipated hour of one a. m., the real entertainment begins. Ford Sterling sings a song in a mellow tenor; catching up her gorgeous shawl, Helen Ferguson does a Spanish dance, the orchestra endeavors to inject a little sin into the syncopation, and the morning stars dance together.

The oldest of Hollywood cafes is the Montmartre, whose proprietor, Eddie Brandstetter, knows all the stars in the movie firmament by their first names. For years its entrance has been surrounded every noon by rapt pilgrims who watch their screen favorites descend from their cars with whispered but audible comments:

"There's Viola Dana—my dear, that dress she's got on couldn't have cost a cent over forty dollars! There's that new foreign chap—What's His Name! I don't see that he's such a much, do you? Looks like a barber. Who's that with Elliott Dexter? Do you suppose that's her own hair or a wig? Unholy color, that's all I've got to say——"

On Wednesday night there is a fiesta at the Montmartre with confetti and favors and a dancing contest behind the layers of gold and purple gauze that unroll between the dancing floor and the diners. One of the orchestra boys is a composer and has written a song to Corinne Griffith—they play that whenever Corinne is present. Ramon Novarro (pronounced, be it said once and for all, as though spelled Ra-moan), carried off the loving cup several times, by (*Continued on page* 26)

Photograph by J. C. Milligan

At the *Greenwich Village* cafe pictured at the top of the page, *Ben Turpin* frequently rises from his table to entertain those present by a double flip flop down the length of the dancing floor while tourists whisper, "Is that *Valentino* or *Von Stroheim*?"

In the circle *Lloyd Whitlock*, dramatic actor, stops for a minute's chat at the table of *Charles Spencer Chaplin* at the *Montmartre*.

And, on the left, is *Grauman's Egyptian Theatre* where, after making movies all day, scores of the motion picture people are to be found every night. We doubt if there are more ardent fans anywhere than the *Hollywoodites* themselves.

Photograph by Russell Ball

If success had turned *Harold Lloyd's* head, he would be ruined professionally. For he is really himself on the screen . . . modest, retiring, earnest and sincere. It is the same *Harold Lloyd* whom his friends love who is reflected by the camera. Conceit would strike the healthy roots of his success a deadly blow.

We Interview Harold Lloyd

An Interview Playlet in One Act and Three Scenes

The Boy:
HAROLD LLOYD

The Girls:
GLADYS HALL and
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

The Press Agent:
JOSEPH REDDY

The Others:
Hotel clerks, waiters, bell hops, ad lib.

SCENE I.

The foyer of the Biltmore, New York City, N. Y. The usual gilded grandeur of the hostelries complemented by movie stars when in the Great City. It is approaching the luncheon hour and the lounges are crowded with men and women awaiting the arrivals of their luncheon partners.

Adele Whitely Fletcher is discovered (or is NOT discovered, to be absolutely veracious), conversing with the room clerk. The outstanding feature of the conversation is that the room clerk doesn't seem to be aware of it. He continues to sort letters indifferently.

Adele Whitely Fletcher (in triple repetition): "The number of the Lloyd suite, please."

Room Clerk (as if aware of her presence for the first time and also as if he had answered the same question until he was tongue-tied): "1109, Madam."

(A. W. F. crosses to the long line of house phones and gives the suite number to the operator. There is silence. She hangs up the receiver. This performance is repeated at mathematical intervals. Enter Gladys Hall, evidently surprised at finding A. W. F. minus their immediate victim . . . i. e. . . . Harold Lloyd).

Gladys Hall: "I thought, Miss Fletcher, that you would efficiently have had Harold downstairs in the dining-room by this time. I purposely delayed my own arrival to give you time to exhibit your superiority. But that's the way it is when I am late . . . nothing goes right."

A. W. F. (reddening beneath her June-Blush rouge): "Suppose *you* try to get a connection with the Lloyd suite, Miss Hall. I've been calling the number for the past fifteen minutes."

G. H.: "If that clock is correct, we're half an hour late. He's probably given us up and gone elsewhere. After all, my dear Miss Fletcher, when you've been invited to Long Island to meet Edward Albert,

Prince of Wales, you probably don't sit around cooling your heels while you wait for two poor scribes."

A. W. F.: "Your comment shows plainly your celebrated power of observation. You don't know Harold Lloyd, it is apparent, even if you have met him on preceding occasions. He is the democratic member of a great democracy!"

G. H.: "Eliminate your bourgeois patriotism, my friend and . . ."

(*At this juncture Joseph Reddy appears upon what is about to become a field of battle. He signals frantically to the belligerent interviewers. A. W. F., on sight of him, relinquishes her strangle hold of the telephone and a traveling salesman forthwith grabs it*).

Joe Reddy (*with his native Irish not to say professional press agent placation*): "Have a hard time, trying to get the room? Harold thought you might, so I came down. He hangs up on one call and the bell rings again. Continuous performance. How are you both? Come on into the dining-room and Harold will be right down."

Exit to

SCENE II.

The dining-room. Close-up of a prominent table to which the trio is ostentatiously led when Joe Reddy is recognized as a member of the Lloyd party and it is evident that the celebrated Harold is likely to follow.

A few minutes elapse. The menu cards are studied intently, calories are estimated surreptitiously on tentative fingers, then . . . enter Harold Lloyd, minus his spectacles. He swings into the dining-room with a steady stride. A few recognize the man who has chased their cares away as with a touch of magic. And where there is recognition there is affection, too. For perhaps no motion picture star has ever inspired more real warmth and affection than has this young man — or more justly so.

Harold Lloyd (*arriving at the table*): "Hello, kids, how do you like your new jobs?"

G. H. and A. W. F. (*in surprised unison*): "Great! Fine! How'd you know?"

(*After all, as their candid brows betray, it isn't to be expected that a man with the multiple great interests of Harold Lloyd would be likely to keep track of the activities of these, the least of his professional friends*).

Harold (*enthusiastically*): "Good stuff. Glad to hear it. I've been watching you two kids. Like your double interviews lots."

(*Here G. H. and A. W. F. strive to blush modestly. It is a dismal failure*).

A. W. F. (*brightly coming back at Harold*): "How do *you* like your new picture?"

G. H. (*impressed with her own infrequent knowledge*): "'Hot Water,' isn't it?"

Joe Reddy: "Yep. Fine title, don't you think? Universal appeal. We're billing it as 'Harold Lloyd in Hot Water.'"

Harold (*in his honest way*): "I like it first-

He is going to let *Mildred* make *Alice* in *Wonderland* . . . investing his own money in it so that it may be an extraordinary picture. He doesn't care if he doesn't make one red cent out of it. It is to please her, not to make money, that he is going ahead on this.

Photograph by Russell Ball

Above, a new picture of *Harold* . . . on the left, in a scene from the forthcoming *"Hot Water,"* which will be called *"Harold Lloyd in Hot Water"* . . . and below, using the new car which he gave *Mrs. Harold* as an anniversary present for a mirror. Ingenuity, that's *Harold's* middle name.

Photograph by Russell Ball

Above is another new portrait and, on the right, *Harold* as he appeared daily on his hand-ball court when he was reducing by this strenuous exercise.

Below a domestic scene from *"Hot Water"* the comedy of married life soon to be released. *Jobyna Ralston* is *Harold's* wife . . . cinematically speaking, *of course!*

Photograph by Kornman

rate. I think it's going to be popular, too. It hasn't as much story to it as 'Girl Shy,' but it has more laughs. I think it has more laughs than any picture I've ever made. We've previewed it three times and the reaction was great. They didn't laugh, they *squealed*.

"I showed it to Mary and Doug when they were over to the house for dinner and it got some real praise from Mary. She's a hard audience. I've showed her other pictures of mine and she has only laughed a few times. Doug, he's a great audience. He likes to laugh and he'll laugh at most all of my pictures all the way through. But Mary . . . gosh, I remember one of my pictures I showed her and when we were through with it she said, 'Yes, Harold, that's a very nice picture.' That was all. But I like to get her comment. It's never a bit exaggerated. She's a hard critic of herself and she's the same with others. She's plum honest, Mary is. So when she kind of giggled to herself all the while 'Hot Water' was going, I sure was pleased. Yes, sir. Mary Pickford knows pictures. Doug, he was crazy about it."

A. W. F.: "What other picture that you've done would you compare it to?"

Harold: "None, really. It's different from any of the others.

"That, I think, is why I am able to keep on making pictures. I make each one different. Suppose, for example, I went in only for humorous thrills. After I'd made 'Safety Last,' I'd have retired and lived on the money I've made. I couldn't have excelled that. Not right away, anyway. So my next picture didn't go in for thrills at all, just comedy romance and a little story value. And now, with this picture, I have let the story value slide somewhat and gone in for sheer laughs.

"I wouldn't try to keep going one better all the time. It would wear anybody out, doing that, and you'd be bound to come to the end of your rope in time. I said to Mildred after 'Safety Last' that if I had to go out and beat that I'd turn gray."

G. H. (*sociably*): "How is Mildred and . . .

A. W. F. (*not to be outdone*): "And Mildred Gloria?"

Harold (*simply BEAMING*): "They're great! They're down at the beach with a nurse. That baby is a great kid, all right. And she's pretty, too. I suppose all fathers say that, but honest, she is. I always thought little babies were sort of homely, all red and wrinkled, but this one isn't. Not a bit. She's smart, too. She knows me. She does. Most people think she looks like me, too, but I think she has Mildred's mouth.

"I telephone home every night and find out how the baby is, and every day I get long wires from Mildred, half of which are all about the baby. But you can't make me mad with that news, that's what I want to hear. I'm simple, I guess, about that baby, and Mildred, she's a regular nut mother, if there ever was one! Why, I know all about babies' feedings and how much they should gain per day and how to dress and undress 'em and everything . . ." (*Harold laughs joyously. A laugh that is wholesome and loving and mighty good to hear*).

G. H.: "Is Mildred going back to the screen?"

Harold: "Well, I don't know . . ."

A. W. F. (*her editorial and reportorial instincts obviously awakened*): "I thought she was going to make 'Alice in Wonderland?'"

Harold: "Well, it isn't definite yet. I thought when we were first married that I wouldn't like to have her keep on with her screen work. I've made considerable money and she can have everything she wants without having to go near a studio. But now I don't know. I don't feel that I have any right to ask her to give up entirely the thing that dominated her life before she (*Continued on page* 21)

"*Hot Water*," said *Harold*, "is different from any other picture I've made. I make each picture different. I couldn't keep trying to go my last film one better all the time. It would wear me out. So, after a thrilling picture, I make a romantic one. And after a romantic picture, I make a funny one, minus any romance or thrills. That's the way I keep going."

Bebe with Her Back to the Camera

By

Regina Cannon

A MOVIE actress is a human being. Honestly, gentle reader. I wouldn't tell you wrong. My best pal—and severest critic—is a film favorite, so I know what I'm talking about.

Bebe Daniels is the lady lucky enough to have little me for a friend. Of course, in point of honesty, I'm bound to admit I've never exactly *heard* Bebe express herself as being particularly joyous about our friendship, but then Bebe doesn't want to spoil me, I suppose.

Someone has said that everybody has a feeling of friendship for everybody else and that it's all only a matter of degree. If that be true, Bebe's and my friendship has reached the nth degree, as witness our telephone conversation of last Saturday.

Bebe: "Did you like my picture at the Rialto this week?"

Me: "You know I never go to see your pictures."

Bebe: "Well, it doesn't improve my mind any to read the awful stuff you write, yet I do it."

I didn't dignify that last insult with a reply—not that I couldn't think of one!

Of course, I'd seen her picture. I'd been there twice and wondered why they didn't give Bebe *all* the close-ups. She's so clever and beautiful and capable. No, I'm not prejudiced.

If you ask Regina Cannon what she plans to do that evening, she invariably replies that she is going to see Bebe. That is why we asked her to write this story. Bebe has been written of as a glamorous motion picture star times galore. But we feel confident you'll be even more interested to read of her as a friend.

You've probably often read in the fan magazines what the interviewers have to say about Bebe. They go to the studio where she is working, watch her do her stuff, and then return to their typewriters and proceed to do their worst—which is usually their best when Bebe is to be the victim.

Now, when the day's work is done and she has turned her back on the camera, Bebe's as far from the silken, luxury-loving siren she so vividly portrays, as I am from, say, His Royal Shyness, the Prince of Wales, at this moment. And that, I must confess, is many miles farther than I wish it were.

It is about this "away-from-the-camera" Bebe that I want to tell you. You see, it's never been done just right before, and probably won't be now, but anyway, here goes!

Last year while making "Glimpses of the Moon," Bebe was suddenly taken ill. The doctor pronounced it appendicitis and advised an immediate operation. The picture was ten days from completion. If Bebe left them flat, production would be held up until her recovery, which would means thousands of dollars to the company.

"I'll try to get around for another week," she told her physician, "and then you can meet me at the hospital."

When Bebe was not before the camera that week,

she was reclining on the side lines with an ice bag pressed to her painful side.

The evening before she was to be operated upon, she and her mother and I went to the movies. Imagine watching a comedy when you knew that you were leaving the theatre to be driven to a hospital, the return from which was, to say the least, problematical.

"Are you human?" I whispered to her. "I'd be about ready to pass out by now if I were you."

"I'm scared to death," confessed Bebe, "I don't even know what the picture I'm looking at is all about, but, if I show that I'm nervous, mother will worry dreadfully and I must think of her."

Bebe was in the hospital two weeks and hers was a pretty bad case. One day while I was visiting her, the doctor came in and asked how she was.

Her reply was characteristic of the Daniels' wit.

"I don't know," she said, "I haven't seen the morning paper yet."

At the time, there was a little girl in one of the wards whom Bebe became very much attached to. When she learned that the child had only six months allotted her in this world, Bebe spared no expense to bring her every happiness.

Bebe is a born mimic. She does imitations and very good ones at that. Her favorite stunt is to do Al Jolson singing "Mammy." One day she did it at the studio. Nita Naldi was on the next set vamping some innocent male before the camera. Finally she called over, "Say, Bebe, if you don't stop doing a 'Jolson' you'll have me asking this man for a trip south instead of to leave his wife and chee-ild!"

Some tribute to Bebe's mimicry. Nita Naldi had recognized Al Jolson twenty feet away.

A few weeks ago "Monsieur Beaucaire" opened in New York. Bebe and I went to see it. We slid into the theatre by a side door. Bebe didn't want to be recognized.

Can you imagine a movie star not wanting to be seen? Some of them I could name have the aisle carpets in the theatres worn out trotting up and down between the acts, so that no one misses beholding genius abroad. Not so with Bebe.

"Let's go to the little Italian place for lunch," she'll say. "At the Ritz people stare so. Of course I *may* be interesting, but then so is the zoo, so you see what a doubtful compliment it is."

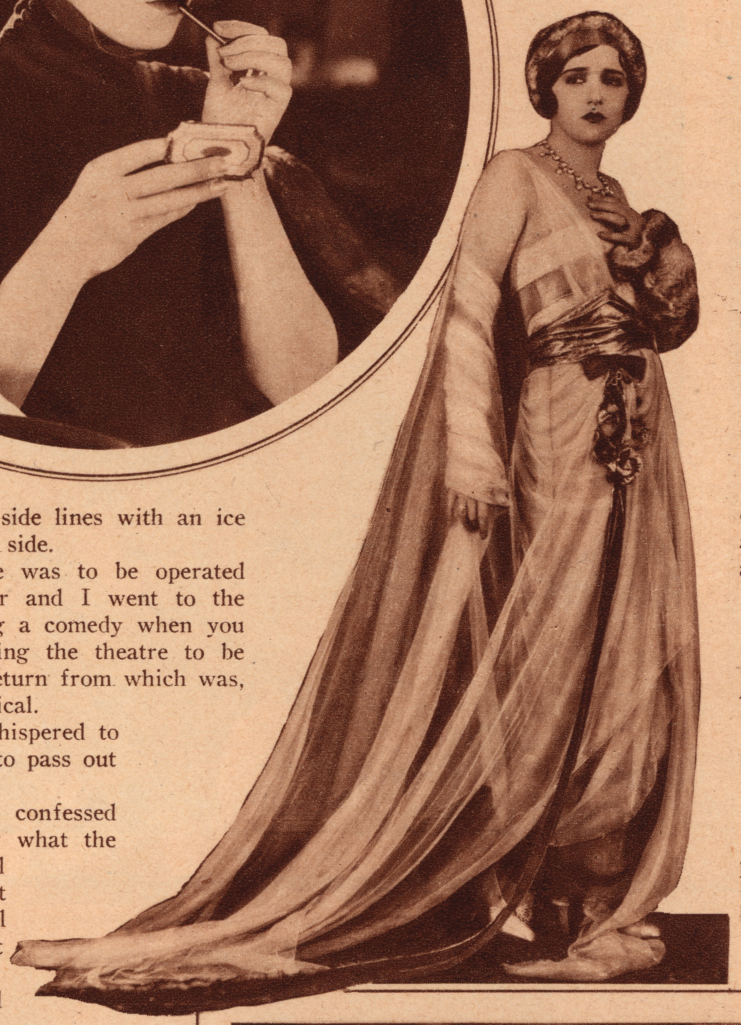
"Isn't Rudy wonderful?" she began, when the picture started. "And Lois Wilson is so beautiful and clever. Ah, ha," she kidded, as her film self flashed into view, "here's America's Sweetheart. But what's the matter with her left eye? Looks as if the mascara got excited."

Bebe has the happy faculty of being able to see a joke—even when it's on herself. And few of us possess a sense of humor to that extent. There's only one thing she dislikes and that is to see anyone "pull the Ritz." She wants to step all over any one who tries it.

At a party given by a mutual friend, a film celebrity was pulling her best line about her fourth trip to Europe. Bebe stood it as long as she could. Suddenly she saw Lila Lee and called to her:

"Lila, dear, will you ever forget our fifth trip to Europe? Or was it our seventh trip?"

I could go on indefinitely, if space permitted, telling little incidents in Bebe's "away-from-the-camera" life. She is clever unselfish, courageous and wholly unaware that she is any of these things, and so, is the greatest of them all—unspoiled.



One day when *Bebe* was ill in the hospital, her doctor coming in, asked, "How are you this morning, *Miss Daniels?*" Her reply was characteristic of the *Daniels'* wit.

"I don't know," she said, "I haven't seen the morning paper yet."

Above is a picture of *Bebe* with all the curl plastered out of her new bob . . . and below her bob, *au naturel*. It seems strange with everyone getting permanent waves that *Bebe* should spend her time slicking her hair straight to her head.

Out Great Neck Way

There are two kinds of houses. First, there are the houses where friends love to visit. Secondly, there are the other kind. The *Meighan* place on *Long Island* belongs in the first class. Week-ends out *Great Neck* way are enjoyable in themselves and afterwards in reminiscence.

Nor is all of this due to the genial *Thomas*. *Frances Ring Meighan,* pictured below in her old-fashioned garden with *Buddy,* presides over *Meighan Manor,* a charming hostess.

Below, is a side view of the *Meighan* house, with *Mr.* and *Mrs. Tommy* standing at the tennis-court where this summer has witnessed much friendly rivalry.

By the way, the next *Meighan* picture is *"Tongues of Flame."*

The True Story *of My* Life

By

Marion Davies

This week Miss Davies tells of her first days in the motion picture studios . . . of the stars whose work she watched and admired . . . and of the criticisms which nearly broke her heart, but which made her try harder than ever.

(*SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS ON PAGE 27*)

I minded being laughed at. I would cry in my dressing-room, holding the critics' columns between my clenched fingers until they felt like burning brands. You see, I really couldn't act. More than half the time these unkind criticisms were right. I had really never been an actress.

On the right is an interesting camera study of *Miss Davies* . . . below, an informal picture taken in her dressing-room.

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

WELL, and then . . .

And then my brother-in-law phoned me and said that my tests were all right and that he was going to make a picture called "Runaway Romany," and would star me in that picture.

Now that WAS excitement!

Once again my sister and I sat up most of the night discussing the new turn of the wheel of fate.

I have said that I had sort of studied lighting and studios and what I could find out, from being on the outside, about the movies.

But I want to say right now that the outside looking in is quite a different matter from the inside looking out.

You can't, *cannot* learn unless it is by actual experience, and if some experience can be pleasurable and profitable, why, by the same token, it can be painful and profitable. Only, when it is painful, the profitable part of it seems such a very long way off.

I had some very painful times in the movies, but that comes a little bit later . . .

Only, when I hear girls today talking casually upon "getting into pictures" as if it were no more than taking a walk down Fifth Avenue with the happy certainty that if you walk far enough you will come to Washington Square, I have to smile, rather twistedly. It isn't as easy as all that.

Many and many a time in the years that have followed my first picture I have thought of the echoing words of my family that first night I talked about being a screen actress: "You don't know a thing about the screen . . . you'll get a lot of hard knocks . . . you may be laughed at . . . you may fail . . . have you thought of that?"

And my own valiant answers: "I'll get over the hard knocks . . . if I get scars it won't matter . . . scars are beneficial sometimes . . . I don't mind being laughed at . . . yes, I've thought of all these things."

Well, I was right and I was wrong.

I think I shall, eventually, get over the hard knocks. That is life. I *did* get scars and they *did* matter, but also they are beneficial. I *did* mind being laughed at. I minded terribly. I minded until I would cry and cry at home, in my dressing-room, holding the critics' columns between my clenched fingers until they felt like burning brands. I had *thought* of all these things, but I hadn't *lived* through them. And that is another story . . . you don't know until you have had it happen to you.

It's like a child in school who is placed on the dunce stool. You can think that it doesn't matter, that it is only funny, that if it happened to you you could laugh it off. But when it does happen to you it does matter, you are hot-faced and humiliated. You feel certain that everyone in the street must see some brand upon you. Oh, it matters . . .

Sometimes during my first couple of years in pictures, when I would read the criticisms about me, I would feel that I couldn't show my face on the street. I felt that one of those days I would be publicly recognized and jeered at! I would dream at nights that a crowd had collected around me in the street, all with pointed fingers and pointed eyes and gaping, ridiculing mouths . . .

Oh, in the beginning I was terribly discouraged. I really did try so hard, and the bad notices I got made it, at first, harder and harder. What self-confidence I had naturally and what I had gained from my work on the stage, began to ebb away from me. I felt raw and defenseless.

This picture was taken during *Miss Davies'* early days in the studios. The director shown with her is *Allan Dwan*. The picture in which he was then directing her was *"The Dark Star."*

You see, I really couldn't act. Far more than half of the time the unkind critics were right.

You see, I had really never been an actress. Never. Musical comedy didn't require acting. It only called for looks and a degree of stage personality. Just because I had been on the stage didn't mean that I could respond to the call of dramatics, but I didn't realize that at the time. I didn't think I would have much more to do than I had ever had to do. I had pleased the public in comedy, why not in pictures?

Probably I didn't take the pictures seriously enough. People didn't take them so seriously at that time. But among the many other lessons I have learned is that whatever one is doing one should do seriously or not at all. If you are making a cake, you should make it with all your heart and with all the knowledge and skill you can bring to bear on it. Or if you are a stenographer or bookkeeper or a mother or a waitress or any other thing at all. People soon know if a thing is not genuine, be that "thing" an actress or a toothpaste.

As time went on, though, and I had made "Runaway Romany" and then when Selznick gave me a job and I made "Cecilia of the Pink Roses" and "Burden of Proof" and "The Belle of New York" and "Getting Mary Married," and still the critics were crowning me with the cap and bells, I resolved that one day I would make them eat their words even if it took me all the rest of my days.

My family were really sorry for me and told me to give it up if it grew to be too hard. But I will say for myself that I gritted my teeth and said that now I would never give up; I might have given up if they had been a little bit kinder to me, but I *had* to make them see that I could make good.

If anyone asks me now, now that everyone is good enough to think I really have succeeded a little and have proven my right to be taken seriously, now if anyone asks me to what I owe this success, I always say, "The critics!"

If it hadn't been for the critics my pride would never have been spurred to the bleeding point. I'm glad of the critics and glad I have lived most of them down. They are, after all, not my enemies but my friends. I owe them all a vote of thanks and tender it herewith.

I would like to tell all girls who are starting something, whether in the business world or in the professional, not to be discouraged. If you are knocked down, get up again. Keep on getting up. Study what you are doing, whatever it may be, and especially if you love it. Learn everything about it that anyone else could possibly learn. You'll be bound to succeed in the end.

Of course, if you don't love the thing you are doing and you really feel that you are in the wrong place doing the wrong thing, then I think that it is wiser to get out in the beginning. The square peg never can and never will fit in the round hole. But I came to love the screen. I loved it so much that I felt I HAD to get on. I had to make it love me, too. I didn't want to fool the screen. I didn't want to get by on half-measures. I wanted the screen to love me and the fans to love me because I could give them something that was worthy of being loved. If I had liked the stage, why, I loved the screen. I wanted desperately to *belong*. I felt that it was my world. And from electricians to stars I loved the people who were a part of it.

I envied and admired Norma and Constance Talmadge. I used to go to see all of their pictures. Oh, I would think, if I could ever be as good as they are . . .

Mary Pickford, of course . . . but to say that I loved and admired Mary is to give utterance to a universal sentiment. Who didn't, who doesn't, love and admire Mary?

Lillian Gish and Blanche Sweet were two other girls I particularly looked up to. I was as much of a fan as any girl could be. I never wanted to imitate any one of them, because an imitation is never a *real* thing. But I longed to be as good in my own way as they were, and are, in theirs.

I worked like a slave. I really did. I went to the Kosloff school of dancing. I had dramatic teachers and was coached and coached and coached. I studied facial expression. I went (*Continued on page* 27)

For a moment she kept her eyes upon him, scarcely breathing.
"Why didn't you tell me before?" she managed to say feebly.

A Serial by the Author of "Tess of the Storm Country"

The Marriage of Patricia Pepperday

By Grace Miller White

ALF CARRABY, Brewer's good-natured friend, gave Patricia a hearty welcome when she arrived in Butte City. Then succeeded three weeks of ceaseless labor which heaped upon her laurels many and to be envied.

"You aren't listening to a word I say, Patricia," pouted Ruth Howland from her position at the make-up table. The two girls occupied the same dressing-room in the rear of the Carraby Stock Theatre and were making ready for the second Christmas performance.

"Forgive me, Ruthie," she begged.

"I was saying I think he's a perfect beauty," Miss Howland repeated. "He was only three rows back this afternoon, and I'm sure he's the very best-looking man in the world. The very idea of your not seeing him! He's been to three performances this week, angel-face. What do you think, Pat—does he come to see you or me?"

"You, of course, dear," Patricia decided without a moment's hesitation.

A man shouted the half-hour in the corridor; then heavy steps paused outside the dressing-room door. "Can I come in, Ruth?" called a voice through the keyhole.

See Prize Offer for New Title for This Serial on Page 21

"Surest thing you know, Alf," consented Miss Howland and she turned to greet the manager as he bustled in.

Alf Carraby chuckled. "Noticed a big fellow out front, chicks?" he began.

"With red hair on his noodle?" burst in Ruth. "Say, Alf, I should think I had. I was just talking to Patricia about him. Mercy me, who is he?"

"Playwright!" he said smiling. "Stephen Claypoole. When he isn't roistering about the city, he lives in Eagle's Nest, that place of Nelson's, some three or four miles west of Galena Gulch. He's up in the air about meeting you, Patricia."

"There I go—smash!" exclaimed Miss Howland. "I might have known it wasn't poor little foggy old Ruth he came to see. Well, go to it, Pat old dear."

"You needn't care, Ruthie," consoled Carraby. "I'm for you every time, and it's a Christmas supper tonight for the four of us in my rooms at the Thornton, if Patricia's willing. How about it, Pat?"

"I'd like it, Alf," she answered, although her tone of disinterest belied her words. It was easier to accept the invitation than to explain why she wanted to refuse it.

When they went to Carraby's rooms after the show, Patricia heard his introduction as her eyes fell on a flower-bedecked table. The holly and mistletoe revived memories—bitter, indeed. Surely it was no wonder that she paid but slight attention to the low, even tones of a strange voice in response to Ruth's gurgles. Then she became aware that her own name, "Miss Rushmore," had followed that of Claypoole. She extended her hand mechanically, looked up and up and up and was staring into a smiling face, a face that seemed to leap out from the days of her youth; and brown eyes, touched with the gold of her dreams, were glowing upon her. Her giant of Blackberry Lane!

"I've met Miss Rushmore before, Alf," spoken in a ringing voice, awoke her to realization.

Alf Carraby roared delightedly into her ear: "Are you going to let Steve hold your mitt all night, Pat? Here, drop it, Claypoole, old man, and let's devour the turkey. Seeing you're both so well acquainted, you can spoon afterward as much as you like."

Later, in the seclusion of her own room, Patricia could not recall what food had been set before her, or whether she had eaten a single bite. But how vividly she remembered every word Stephen Claypoole had uttered: "He said he'd always believed he would see me again," she whispered into the silence as the clock struck four. "Somehow—somehow I've known it, too."

In Patricia's sitting room the next day Stephen Claypoole was standing at the window, looking down the street. Never before in all the twenty-eight years of his life could he remember being overwhelmed with such anxiety.

Sibilant whispers trickled out of the adjoining room, a giggle or two, and then he whirled around. There she was in the doorway, the girl of his meditations, the girl who had glided past him over the snow twelve months before and had left her image in his heart. Now, in her simple black gown she looked on the point of darting off again. Where were the greetings he had prepared with so much care? He had forgotten them all. But in a dead silence they took two steps toward each other. Neither remembered that the conventional "How do you do? I'm pleased to see you," had not been spoken. Finally, after they had almost stared each other out of countenance, he blurted out: "I've come to ask you to marry me immediately, Patricia! You're going to marry me. You belong to me! You know it very well! I—I belong to you! You—you knew last night that I'd ask you to marry me today. Patricia, little one, don't look so frightened! I—I love you!"

To cut off his impetuous speech, she flung out a hand, but he captured it and held it firmly, drawing her closer to him. "Don't! Oh, don't!" she objected feverishly, trying to withdraw her fingers. "It's so quick—it's too sudden!"

"It's nothing of the kind," he contradicted with fiery ardor, "it's neither quick—nor sudden. You know that as well as I do. I've loved you one whole year. Is that sudden? I've longed for you, looked for you—hoping always"—he hesitated—"that I'd find you! Knowing that some time I would! I went back to the place where I first saw you three times. I wandered about that country again and again. I've thought of you ever since. Is that too quick, I'd like to know. Tell me, is it?"

"It's been a long, sad year," she choked.

"I'm sorry, very sorry," he exclaimed. "Forgive me! We'll both sit down. You'll forget all the sad days, dear, because—because—oh, tell me, have you thought of me some—sometimes?"

"Yes!" Very softly she owned to it.

"And you wanted to see me again, Patricia?"

"Yes, yes," she assented almost inaudibly.

"And you'll pardon me for forgetting myself this morning," he entreated, "for being so abrupt? Truly I intended to wait at least one day before asking you to marry me. Are you sure, dear, you can forgive me?"

"I've nothing to forgive," she told him shyly.

"Don't you need me just a little, sweet?"

"Yes!" his anxious gaze read in her silent lip language.

"God has been good to me, dear," he said in lingering praise. "So good, so good! Far better than I deserve. Oh, girl, my girl, can't you see we—we need each other? Heaven knows I want you—and—and—tell me so again, sweet! Tell me that you want me—too!"

"Yes," she vowed tremulously, "yes! I do. I do need you. I know I do. It seems as though I must be dreaming!"

The next day she wrote to her brother Barney:

Butte, Montana, Thursday.

"Dearest Barney:

This letter will surely make you jump out of your skin. Notice the enclosed bank draft for $4,000. What do you think? First of all, dear, I've met the only man worth loving, and what's more, I'm going to marry him! His name is Stephen Claypoole, and, although he's a lawyer and has practiced a lot, he's writing a play. I've never read anything like it. He has asked me to star in it. He gave me in advance on my future salary $5,000, four of which I am sending you. He loves me, and I simply worship him, so what could be better than that we should work together?

"Stephen and I are going over to Idaho Falls to be married to get away from my good stage friends. We're not telling anyone about it yet but you. I'm happy for the first time since our trouble, dear. Be glad about the money and use it. It's ours! And Mike's, too! It'll start a new trial for him, and I want you to go right to work on it.

"Don't tell anyone, not even Martin Brewer, that I sent the money or about my getting married. Your devoted sister,

Patricia.

"*P. S.*: I haven't mentioned 'Pepperday to anyone and won't. Even Stephen knows me only as Patricia Rushmore. Well, that's my name now. I shall never use 'Pepperday.'"

If the ugly, straight street in Idaho Falls had been a river of water, Patricia could have danced over it without wetting her feet, so exalted was she. She was not walking on the earth at all. Rejoicing voices hosannaed in her uplifted soul. She was married! She was married to Stephen Claypoole, royal Stephen, her kingly lover.

Arrived at the hotel, they went immediately to the suite which Claypoole had reserved, in the living room of which was a table spread for two. "There, little maid," boasted Stephen. "Doesn't this look home-like? The dinner will be up in a jiffy. This is our—our wedding dinner."

With a masterful manner he led her to the table, and when he had seated himself opposite her, he drew a long, ecstatic sigh. "Happy, *ma petite?*" he questioned, smiling at her.

"Oh, Stephen," was all she could find voice to say.

Like two rejoicing children, did they chatter the precious nothings that are always part of a maiden's wedding day. The dinner was brought in and for a few moments after the waiter had gone, he busied himself, arranging her plate. "There," he said, passing it across the table, "see how you like that! Now, I'll tell you a secret." He laughed a gay, boyish laugh. "Did you notice the marriage register—I mean, how I signed it?"

At this question she shook her head in amazement.

"Nor that after putting my name on the certificate I slipped it into my pocket instead of giving it to you, which I apologize for now."

"No," she answered with wonderment. "No! I—I—oh, Stephen, I was—so—gloriously happy, I didn't think of anything but—but that I was your wife!"

"You darling!" he interjected, glowing. "But there, I was about to tell you that, of course, when you promised to marry me, you didn't have the least idea that

(*Continued on page* 21)

What Has Gone Before

Madison Pepperday had lost nearly all of his money in a wildcat scheme at the instigation of Edward Blake. So the Pepperday triplets turned to the vaudeville stage as a means of earning a livelihood, and there, under the soubriquet of the "Golden Pepperdays," became famous.

Patrick O'Kelleron, of the Bar Association, had encountered Patricia Pepperday on his way to the home of Edward Blake, and thenceforth visions of the handsome young giant became part of Patricia's daily reveries.

Some three years later Patricia returned from an after-theatre supper to find Benny Brewer awaiting her. He proposed marriage and when she refused him he broke down and wept. Patricia comforted him and sent him home.

"Gold Pencil Poniard" blazed a scarehead across the top of an "extra" next morning. The news article told of the murder of Arthur Brown in the Cavendish residence. Michael Pepperday's monogram was inscribed on the pencil so that circumstantial evidence made things look bad for Michael.

O'Kelleron convicted Michael for second degree murder and the verdict killed Madison Pepperday. When Patricia, who had been ill in the hospital during the trial, heard it, she left for Butte City and decided to return to the stage under the name of Patricia Rushmore.

ACROSS the SCREEN

"MERTON OF THE MOVIES"—90%

Reviewed by Harriette Underhill

"Merton of the Movies" has at last reached the screen. Harry Leon Wilson first introduced this delightfully ingenuous character to the world about three years ago in a novel and it was not long before George Kaufman and Marc Connelly were commissioned to put Merton on the stage. Glenn Hunter was chosen to play Mr. Wilson's hero and the play ran successfully for some time before the motion picture rights were sold to Messrs. Lasky and Zukor. The whole movie world awaited, breathlessly, the screen debut of "Merton of the Movies" and perhaps we are the only one who is not satisfied with the results. "Merton of the Movies" is an intensely amusing picture, but it does seem that the scenarist has departed too often from the original story. So great is our admiration of Harry Leon Wilson that we felt the departure was a mistake. No one can improve on perfection. Glenn Hunter is marvelous once more as Merton, the screen-struck boy who inadvertently became a star overnight. Viola Dana is not our idea of the "Montagu Girl," but the rest of the cast is excellent. James Cruze, who made "The Covered Wagon," directed "Merton of the Movies."

The cast includes: Glenn Hunter, Viola Dana, Charles Ogle, De' Witt Jennings and Ethel Wales.

"CAPTAIN BLOOD"—85%

Reviewed by Harriette Underhill

The long awaited motion picture version of "Captain Blood" has at last arrived on Broadway. Everyone is well acquainted with Sabatini's young Irish physician who eventually became a pirate and sailed at least two of the seven seas, but we doubt if anyone ever conceived the daring Captain Blood as he appears in the screen version which Vitagraph is presenting. After talking about it for months they chose Warren Kerrigan, and in portraying this character Mr. Kerrigan has at least not yielded to precedent. For we doubt if ever before there trod the screen a Sabatini, swash-buckling hero like this one. And yet yet we like him. He isn't rough, but he has finesse, and he looks handsome in the curls, plumes, satins and swords of that period.

Jean Paige as the gentle heroine is distinctly disappointing. As someone remarked, "You can't emote much with a profile." 'Tis true. 'tis pity. There are hundreds of ships and thousands of extras to blow up these ships which cost thousands of dollars. The cast is large, costly and in most cases more than "adequate." So "Captain Blood" will probably be a financial success. As for us, we got not a single thrill out of it.

The cast includes: J. Warren Kerrigan, Jean Paige, Charlotte Merriam, Allan Forrest, Bertram Grassby and Otis Harlan.

"HIS HOUR"—85%

Reviewed by Alma Talley

If you are the kind of person who calls out the local constable "to stop those couples spooning in the park," then "His Hour" is not for you. Never in our screen-going career have we seen such amorous goings-on, such kissings, such . . . well!

Of course it's an Elinor Glyn story and you know what that means—an English noblewoman, a romantic Russian prince, and a spirited wooing. All this in a beautifully picturesque background of Russia and snow and De Mille orgies, with the handsome prince making eyes, fighting duels and breaking hearts.

John Gilbert plays the hero in the most ardent manner—just wait until the fans see him in this—and Aileen Pringle makes an exquisite heroine. A newcomer, Carrie Clarke Ward, is delightful in a minor role as a gossipy princess.

This is certainly not the sort of thing to uplift the movies or make the censors happy, unless they like to work. We merely give it a good rating for what it sets out to be; it's extremely well done. And we must make one suggestion for orchestraing this picture—the one perfect accompaniment for these amorous six reels is "Kiss Me Again."

The cast includes: Aileen Pringle, John Gilbert, Emily Fitzroy, Bertram Grassby, Dale Fuller and Carrie Clarke Ward.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *From now on our reviews will be printed of a uniform size so that they may be kept for future reference. They are written by members of our editorial staff who are skilled critics and whose viewpoints we know to be sane and unbiased. We believe you will find the ratings of special assistance and invite our readers to send in their personal ratings of pictures they see.*

RATING: Excellent, 95%; Good, 90%; Fair, 75%; Poor, 60%.

"CIRCE, THE ENCHANTRESS"—90%

Reviewed by Alma Talley

This is easily the best Mae Murray picture we have ever seen. It has more plot than her productions usually have, even if the plot is one of the old favorites wherein the naughty, naughty siren turns ever so good because of her love for the noble hero.

James Kirkwood plays the hero in question—how tired he must be of having to look noble! This time, as another character in the story describes him, "He's too good for this world; give him a harp."

Mae Murray has never been more charming than she appears in this role, particularly in her moments of simplicity. And in a cut-back showing her as a child, she displays more histrionic ability than she has ever been given credit for. There is less of her dancing than usual, possibly because the plot itself uses up all the footage necessary —no pun intended—for the six reels. Mae wears her customary gorgeous trappings, and the production as a whole is on her usual lavish scale.

The story was written especially for Miss Murray by Vicente Blasco Ibanez, of "The Four Horsemen" fame. "Circe, the Enchantress" is delightful screen entertainment. Mae Murray fans will love it.

The cast includes: Mae Murray, James Kirkwood, William Haines, Charles Gerard, Lillian Langdon, Tom Ricketts and Gene Cameron.

"THE NAVIGATOR"—90%

Reviewed by Herbert Crooker

Seeing Buster Keaton attempt to play solitaire with a deck of soaking wet playing cards is worth the price of admission to "The Navigator." But that isn't the only laugh in the picture by any means. A big surprise is the fact that the title does not designate this whimsical comedian—it's the name of a ship. And what a ship! If you can imagine an exceedingly dumb young man of the Keatonish variety adrift in mid-ocean on a steamship with a very pretty girl—and one who has refused to marry him, at that—perhaps you can see the many possibilities for riotous fun. And this pretty girl, by the way, Katherine McGuire, is an excellent foil for Buster.

Space forbids telling the many amusing features of "The Navigator." You will laugh when you see Buster's first appearance, and you will scream when he boards the ship, unmindful of the fact that he is the only one on it—until the girl arrives. You will guffaw at the culinary methods of these two, and you will get a real thrill when Buster goes under sea in a diving suit to try to mend a leak in the ship. But it is unfair to tell everything. Suffice it to say that "The Navigator" is probably the funniest comedy Buster has obliged us with.

The cast includes: Buster Keaton, Katherine McGuire, Noble Johnson, Frederick Vroom, Clarence Burton and H. M. Clugston.

"SINNERS IN HEAVEN"—80%

Reviewed by Harriette Underhill

"Sinners in Heaven" follows the line of least resistance until it reaches a certain point where it "screws its courage to the sticking point" and radically diverges from the path of its predecessors. For "Sinners in Heaven" is a story of a girl who is wrecked on a cannibal island with a strange man. She dislikes him at first, then she admires his courage, and finally she loves him to madness. So, according to the usual formula, she goes to him and says, "Can't we be married without benefit of clergy?" or words to that effect. He says, "I waited until your heart prompted you, though the brute in me was impatient." Then they get out a Bible and marry themselves to each other. This is the departure we spoke of, for it is the first time on record where the lovers were not rescued by a gunboat or an airplane just as they were about to take each other for better or worse. The picture is rather interesting, though it is at all times obvious and stereotyped. However, it is in a measure relieved by the presence of Bebe Daniels and Richard Dix as the two lovers. The settings are gorgeous, too, though the man-eating natives look like a comic opera out on a lark—not in the least terrifying.

The cast includes: Richard Dix, Bebe Daniels, Holmes Herbert, Florence Billings, Betty Hilburn and Montagu Love.

On the *Set* and Off

At the top of the page *Gloria Swanson* pauses on her way to her dressing-room to listen to the *Russian* music furnished by the musicians who were brought to the studios for some of the scenes in her forthcoming production, "*Wages of Virtue*." These scenes were "shot" just before *Gloria* sailed for *France*.

Above, *Sid Grauman*, the *Los Angeles* theatre owner, visits *Charlie Chaplin* on location . . .

The size of the *De Mille* sets makes the ordinary directorial megaphone a little better than nothing. So a loud speaker has been installed which amplifies the directions which *Cecil* speaks into the hand-phone.

FILMDOM turned out in force to attend the ball which marked the closing of the "Greater Movie Season" in Los Angeles.

The corridors and lobby of the Ambassador Hotel were packed with film fans who waited patiently to glimpse the stars as they arrived, and the great ballroom was a maze of colorful splendor, bathed in an ever-changing flood of varicolored lights.

One of the features of the evening was the introduction of Betty Bronson, the "Peter Pan" girl. A revue entitled "The Court of Fashion" was staged by Cecil B. De Mille, and, for novelty, a scene for a current Warner Brothers' pictures was filmed in the ballroom, developed and projected on a screen before the evening was over. Charlie Murray was master of ceremonies, and Milton Sills spoke of the aims of the industry, its accomplishments and present activities.

MARY PICKFORD plans to create a gorgeous screen fantasy from the ancient fairy tale of Cinderella, making of it a worthy mate to Doug's "Thief of Bagdad."

"Cinderella will follow my next production, which is to be an important one itself, if our plans do not fall through," says Miss Pickford.

As to this next production, it was written for her by Mr. Fairbanks. Her role is that of a young barbarian, and Mary wishes her husband to direct the picture, but as he is already busy with plans for another huge spectacle of his own, it is doubtful that he will be able to do this.

Fairbanks is not yet ready to announce his own plans, but is confident that he can outdistance "Bagdad."

LEATRICE JOY is the mother of a baby girl, born to her in the Good Samaritan Hospital in Los Angeles on September 7th. Little Miss Gilbert's given name has not been decided upon. It will not be Jacqueline in view of the recent unfortunate breach between Leatrice and Jack Gilbert.

IT was to be expected! No one with all the publicity Peggy Joyce has enjoyed

With the People of the Motion Picture World

could possibly escape a motion picture contract. She has been signed by the Tiffany-Truart Productions and will begin work shortly.

POLA NEGRI'S latest romance, we hear, has gone on the rocks. Following the heart-breaking Chaplin affair, Pola was solaced by the handsome Rod La Rocque, and they were seen frequently together for several months.

La Rocque plays opposite the Negri in "Forbidden Paradise," which Herr Lubitsch is now directing for Famous Players-Lasky, but the real romance terminated shortly after the screen romance began.

RONALD COLMAN, who with his compelling performance in "The White Sister" leaped overnight into stellar prominence, has signed a five-year contract with Samuel Goldwyn.

Colman came to Hollywood a few months ago and his services have been in constant demand. Connie Talmadge made him her leading man in her latest picture, "Heart Trouble," and George Fitzmaurice cast him in the leading male role in "Tarnish."

It is said that the work in this picture convinced Samuel Goldwyn that he had the screen "find" of the year and the contract followed.

JULANNE JOHNSTON'S return from Europe has been delayed. Following the completion of the German-made production, "Garragan," Julanne left Berlin for London, where an English company persuaded her to remain abroad for another picture.

The slim princess of "The Thief of Bagdad" was expected to return to this country on the same ship with Mae Marsh, but evidently she has decided to take full advantage of her first trip abroad. She is accompanied by her mother, Ann Radford Johnston, prominent Los Angeles clubwoman.

DECLARING that her husband, Patrick Hale, known on the screen as Creighton Hale, was unmannerly enough to fire a gun

(*Continued on page* 29)

At the top of this page, *Marc MacDermott, Lon Chaney, Victor Seastrom* and *Tully Marshall* during an interlude in the filming of *"He Who Gets Slapped." Chaney* is devoting all his energies to a button which fell off the coat he is scheduled to wear in a scene that afternoon.

Above, *Mr.* and *Mrs. Coogan* stand by when *Jackie* breaks ground for the big *Los Angeles* apartment house about to be built as an investment for some of the money he has earned.

On the right, the lovely *Florence Vidor* consults her director about the advisability of going in for heavy dramatic work. *Miss Vidor* will next be screened in the role which *Florence Reed* played in the stage production of *"The Mirage."*

Mrs. Wheeler Oakman of Beverly Hills

Photograph by Waxman

It has not been given to most players who learned the three "R's" of screen acting in the earlier days . . . when conditions were unfavorable and salaries small . . . to know a continued stardom now in the heyday of motion pictures.

Priscilla Dean is one of the few who has remained popular while new faces have come and gone.

When *Priscilla* isn't *Mrs. Wheeler Oakmaning* in her charming *Beverly Hills* home, she is busy in the studios on her new production, *"A Cafe in Cairo."*

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The Marriage of Patricia Pepperday

(*Continued from page* 15)

I had heaps of money, did you, small girl?"

"Heaps of money?" she repeated. "What do you mean by that, Stephen? Aren't you what you said you were, a—lawyer and—playwright?"

"I surely am," he rejoined. "At least I'm a full-fledged lawyer and have hopes of being considered a playwright with your help. But Stephen Claypoole isn't all my name. 'Claypoole' belonged somewhere on my mother's side and 'Stephen' was tucked in along with it at my baptism. When I came away from New York, I chopped the head and tail off my name, so I could be left alone a while by my newspaper friends."

"Names don't count," she stated, without the least curiosity in her tones. "My husband is Stephen, my Stephen. He still would be my Stephen by any other name."

"How exquisite you are—littlest dear!" he cried humbly. "And who am I that you should love me? What I am, what I have, is yours—yours! Patricia, my wife, when we get back to New York, you'll have a social position as good as the best. Won't New York gasp with excitement when I take you back and say, 'Here's my wife! Tell me now what you think of Mrs. Patrick O'Kelleron!'"

"Patrick O'Kelleron!" The hated name struck Patricia like a blow in the face. For a moment she kept her eyes upon him, scarcely breathing. "Patrick O'Kelleron!" roared in her brain, expelling every other thought. Every drop of blood drained from her face. She shrank back into her chair, her reason balancing on the very verge of insanity.

"My God, what's the matter, Patricia?" The agitated tones broke through the horror that encompassed her.

"Why didn't you tell me before?" she managed to say feebly.

"I've told you, dear," he ejaculated in contrition. "I wanted to surprise you! But, heavens, child, if I'd known you'd have taken it like this, I wouldn't—no, dear, I didn't deceive you really. Stephen Claypoole is my name. Why, I thought it was a good joke all the time!"

"Joke! Joke!" The pater—her dear, dead father! Her small hands came together against her breast in a tragic gesture. "Oh, how awful! How awful!" she moaned.

Then unconsciousness came and blotted out her agony.

(*To be continued next week*)

$100 FOR A NEW NAME!

What Is Your Idea for a Screen Title?

Read "The Marriage of Patricia Pepperday in Serial Form Here So You Will Have the Whole Story in Mind When You Come to Make Your Suggestions.

Grace Miller White, the famous author of this novel which is now running in serial form, feels that another title will be necessary for the motion picture version of her story. Read the rules carefully so that you won't sacrifice your opportunity of winning the one hundred dollar prize by a neglect of some unimportant detail.

1. *Everyone is privileged to enter this contest except members of the Author's League and those having recognized standing as writers of fiction.*
2. *No contestant may submit more than three titles.*
3. *If more than one person sends in the winning title, one hundred dollars will be paid to each one having sent in such a title.*
4. *All names must be mailed by midnight, December* 31, 1924.
5. *All suggestions, together with the contestant's name and address, must be either written or typed on one sheet of paper.*
6. *All suggestions to be sent to Contest Editor, The Marriage of Patricia Pepperday, Movie Weekly,* 1926 *Broadway, New York City, N. Y.*

This serial will appear in nine instalments the second of which is in this issue, concluding with the Movie Weekly of November 8, 1924. In this way our readers will have ample time to make suggestions after they have completed the entire story.

The judges who will consider the names submitted for the screen play of this fascinating Grace Miller White serial are:

Mr. Fulton Oursler, *Author and Supervising Editor of Macfadden Publications, Inc.*
Mr. John Brownell, *Scenario Editor, Robertson-Cole Film Company.*
Mr. Harry Sinclair Drago, *Author of "The Smoke of* .45."

We Interview Harold Lloyd

(*Continued from page* 8)

married me. I got to thinking about it awhile back and I don't want her to have anything to reproach me with when we both get old and are sitting alone in the evenings thinking back on it all.

"I think she'll probably make a picture every now and then. That's about how it will work out. Once you've been on the screen, you know . . . and I think she would rather like to be a part of it all occasionally . . ."

G. H.: "If she really wants to make pictures, I think she should."

A. W. F. (*with an equally feministic and marital air*): "Yes, so do I."

Harold (*turning to Joe Reddy*): "You see, Joe. You hear these women?

"But I guess you're right. And if she does make pictures I want her to do them right. I'll back her. I don't know, if she does 'Alice in Wonderland' how it will work out financially. It might flop and it might go big. You can't ever tell. But I'll be satisfied if we just break even with it. I'm willing to invest heavily so that she can make some really artistic pictures and so that *she* will feel satisfied with them. If we do 'Alice,' I want to incorporate in it some of the marvelous new camera devices that have been invented and on which I have first option. Why, we have one thing that will permit us to make the rabbit do anything that a human being could do.

"But here, hold on a minute, what sweet are you girls going to have?"

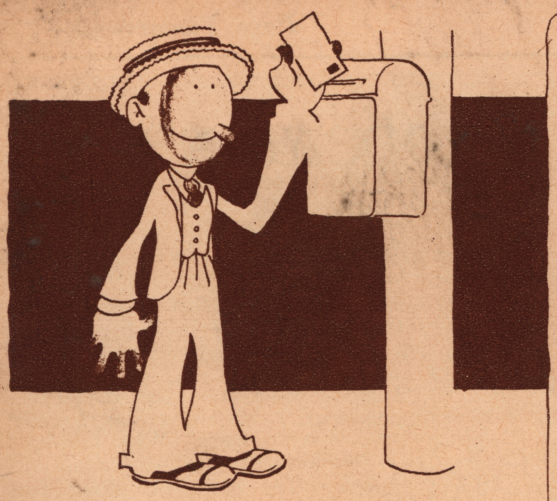
(*A. W. F. haltingly pronounces a French concoction of innumerable calories*).

G. H. (*with biting sarcasm, mostly biting*): "It must be nice, not to find it *necessary* to diet!"

A. W. F. (*glares at her ferociously*): "G-r-r-r!"

Harold (*displaying a knowledge of the ways of wimmin*): "You girls aren't dieting. I don't believe it. And if you are, you're heroines. I tried to diet, but I gave it up, and dropped the pounds by playing ten or twelve rounds of hand-ball every day. That's pretty strenuous, but it does the work

(*Continued on page* 27)



The Colonel

This department is for the service of our readers. No charge whatever is made for the answering of questions, whatever their number. However, if a personal reply is requested, we ask that you send a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should contain the name and address of the writer and if it is desired that a fictitious name be used in the publication, this name should also be written at the bottom of the letter.

Are you curious to know if your favorite screen star is married . . . where he was born . . . or the name of his new picture? If so, write to the COLONEL at Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

A INQUISITIVE—So some of my answers make you think I am a woman? Isn't that fine; I also try to sound sometimes like a boy of ten and at others like an old man with the asthma. I believe Pauline Garon uses her real name. She is about twenty, is 5 feet 1, and weighs 104. She is unmarried and lives at 7139 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood.

INQUISITIVE RITA—No, your answers won't take up half the page. As generous as I am—if I may say so!—I won't give half a page to anybody! Mary Pickford is thirty-one; her address is Pickfair, Beverly Hills, Cal. Eva Novak is about twenty-four; she is Mrs. Richard Reed. Write Baby Peggy, c-o Principal Pictures Corp., 7250 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles. Pola Negri is twenty-nine.

MISS WILSON'S ADMIRER—Don't trouble your head about Lois Wilson's engagement, if any. Her latest fiance is Barney Baruch, Jr., but she says there's nothing in that report either. Screen stars are reported engaged once a week to everybody from Jack Dempsey to the Prince of Wales.

CONCEITED—So your friend calls you Conceited? It should be easy to think of much worse things to call her. The father of Madge Bellamy in "Love's Whirlpool" was played by Edward Martindel.

CUPID'S BOW AND ARROW—The moment Gloria sat down to answer all her fan letters, she'd have to give up screen acting and become a professional correspondent! Pola Negri's address is Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Mae Murray, Metro-Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal. Pearl White now makes her home in Paris, at the Hotel Crillon. Ruth Roland's address is 605 S. Norton Ave., Los Angeles.

HAL—As to whether there's a chance for you with Clara Bow, maybe Clara could tell you. Anyway, I can't! Clara is about nineteen, and is not married. Write her, Universal City, Cal.

A SMALL BOY—Of course you admire Tom Mix; most small boys do. He lives at 5841 Carleton Way, Hollywood.

SWIFTY—I'm afraid your movie book has had a long wait for answers, but it couldn't be helped. Richard Barthelmess is twenty-nine; Monte Blue is thirty-four. His wife's name is Irma, but I don't know her maiden name. May Allison left the screen upon her marriage to Robert Ellis, but she recently returned to pictures in "The River Road." Claire Windsor is about twenty-five, Leatrice Joy probably a little younger.

A VIOLA FAN—Viola is moving about so these days from one studio to another, one just can't keep up with her make-up box. Probably the best place to reach her now is United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. When this went to press, there was talk of her playing in "Pandora La Croix." Lois Wilson is about twenty-five. Jobyna Ralston has played in innumerable comedies for Pathe, but "Girl Shy" was her first real opportunity.

LILY OF THE VALLEY—Someone must have given you a new box of stationery that you should be wanting to write to everyone. Wallace Beery lives at 1346 Harper Ave., Los Angeles; Ann Little at the Rex Arms Apt., Orange St., Los Angeles; Madge Bellamy at 517 Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal. Texas Guinan is "hostess" at the El Fey Club, one of New York's smartest cabarets, in West 45th St.

HENRIETTA—Ronald Colman's age is something between himself and the family Bible. My impression is that he is married. Huntley Gordon is also married, I believe; his home is at Bayshore, Long Island. Write Alberta Vaughn at the F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood.

COCK-EYED—Probably you don't consider these answers "soon," but anyway they're answers. Gladys Brockwell is thirty; her latest picture is "The Darling of New York." Jack Mower is thirty-four; his latest picture is "Pure Grit." Answering questions about screen stars' religions simply isn't *done*.

A WILLIAM S. HART FAN—Yes, I'm afraid "Singer Jim McKee" was just about Bill Hart's last picture. His type of picture has just about finished its vogue.

BOBBIE B.—Unfortunately Holmes Herbert forgot to tell me whether or not he is married. The last address I have for him is 36 Twenty-eighth St., Beechhurst, Long Island.

CARMENCITA—It's a good thing you didn't tell me the names of the two stars you hate. If they knew you hated them they might have to give up their careers. John Gilbert can be reached at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. I haven't heard of Mario Carrillo for some time. I don't seem to recall Edward Martinez at all.

A FLAPPER—Don't I think there's enough kissing in real life without having to watch it on the screen? Well, there's never enough for some people. Bebe Daniels' address is Lasky Studio, Astoria, Long Island; Antonio Moreno, Los Angeles Athletic Club. Gloria Swanson's little girl is Gloria Somborn; Gloria recently was divorced from Herbert Somborn. The leading man in "Miami" was Lawford Davidson, whose address I don't know.

CILLE GREER—I don't know who the baby was in "Lilies of the Field," but it might be possible to obtain her picture from United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, where the picture was made.

A. B. C.—Harold Miller is 6 feet 1. As for his age—ah, that's a secret! The latest home address I have for him is 4520 W. 18th St., Los Angeles. I don't know whether or not he is married.

TWO HARTS—Hooray! Rod La Rocque is single, and lives at 1756 Orchid Ave., Los Angeles. Colleen Moore is Mrs. John McCormick and lives at 1231 S. Grammercy Place, Los Angeles. Write Jacqueline Logan, Ince Studios, Culver City, Cal.; Bert Lytell, First National, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles.

GRAYCE—I'm sorry I really don't know Corinne Griffith's home address. She has all her mail sent to United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles.

EVELYN—If you expected to read your answers in a week or two, your expectations went wrong. You should see the stack of letters I have awaiting their turns! Henry G. Sell apparently hasn't been playing much lately. I haven't heard of him in pictures in some time. His address is Green Room Club, West 47th St., New York. Baby Marie Osborne seems to have taken time out from her screen work in order to go to school.

ALVAREZ—If you really think answers can appear by the next week, I think we'd better put you to work as a printer's devil so you can see just how long it takes for a magazine to be printed, distributed, etc. Robert Burns isn't married. You surely can't expect me to keep track of Pola Negri's sweethearts!

R. S.—Do I see many stars? Occasionally when someone punches me hard enough. Jack Holt is about thirty-five; his wife's name is Imogene. Larry Semon is thirty-five; his address is Vitagraph Studios, 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood. Harold Lloyd lives at 502 Irving (*Continued on page 23*)

The Editor's Mail Bag

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

There is something strange and compelling about a first night performance, and "First Night" with "Monsieur Beaucaire" proved irresistible. Two weeks ago, together with a party of friends, I happened to be in New York, and a trip to the glorious city could not, of course, be complete without a Sunday "movie." Bravely determining to face the horror of the folks back in Philly, we battled our way into the Strand, and in due course gained admittance.

Booth Tarkington's famous tale of the heart-breaking Duke De Chartres has always been a favorite on the stage, but the motion picture adaptation has beyond doubt placed it on the list of immortal romances. The production has been handled by exceptionally talented hands. The historic background, settings and costumes are marvelous in detail. Yet, nothing is overdone. There is no super-abundance of emblazoned tapestries, crystal chandeliers, and over-carved furniture. In fact, the settings are modest and in their modesty arresting.

To Mrs. Valentino, I understand, goes the credit for making this part of the production a really perfect gem. Sidney Olcott, of "Humming Bird" fame, has again added to his directorial power, but to Valentino goes the wreath of laurels. As the handsome and gallant prince and the clever, delightful barber he has no rival. His interpretation is potent with charm.

So—once more milady's heart is fluttering, and even the cold-hearted critics have succumbed and dubbed him a real actor. (By the way, weren't some of the gentlemen surprised at the glimpses of Rudy's physique, but I looked wise and knew they hadn't read their "Physical Culture.")

Decidedly, Rudy has returned—and very triumphantly. More power to him!

HENRIETTE D. SIGMUND.

(The Editor requests that readers writing to the Editor's Mailbag enclose their photographs for publication)

The Colonel

(Continued from page 22)

Blvd., Los Angeles. Helene Chadwick is twenty-seven; her address is 4428 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles.

M. M. M.—You've probably seen your other answers by this time. Mrs. Valentino is about twenty-five, I suppose. Monte Blue is thirty-four; yes, he has been married.

U. I. LOVE—No, I don't send out my picture for a quarter. It would cost me more than a quarter to have my photo taken, especially when I had to pay for the broken camera. Baby Peggy is six by now, Jackie Coogan nine and Miriam Battista eleven. Gloria Swanson has gone abroad, but her permanent address is Lasky Studio, Astoria, Long Island.

MISS A. W.—Ramon Novarro used to be with the Marion Morgan dancers before he began his screen career. No, Richard Barthelmess hasn't been in Italy lately. He recently finished "Classmates." Tony Moreno is thirty-six. Lois Wilson's latest picture was "Monsieur Beaucaire."

A LOVE BIRD—Yes, Julanne Johnston is very beautiful. She is about twenty-five. Her address is Garden Court Apts., Hollywood. Alberta Vaughn recently was made a star in "The Telephone Girl" series. She is quite young. Ernest Torrence lives at 1953 Highland Ave., Los An-

Every Facial Blemish Removed In 20 Minutes

Madam Ina Warren's Mineral Compound, the wonderful beauty secret, does the work in 20 minutes. Startling, sensational results! No more pimples, blackheads, acne, enlarged pores, oily skin or facial blemishes now, for Ina Warren's Mineral Compound cleans blotched, muddy skins like magic, and produces a beautiful, clear, rosy complexion in 20 minutes.

The reason cosmetics, creams, lotions, soaps, powder and "beauty treatments" fail is because they do not reach the root of the trouble, but merely treat the surface—temporary "make-shifts" to cover up defects that are bound to re-appear in even worse form. Ina Warren's Mineral Compound produces *real lasting beauty*, because it removes the cause, and therefore wipes out the *effects* of facial blemishes.

Madam Ina Warren's Mineral Compound is not a cream, lotion, soap or liquid. No massaging, no compress, no masks, nothing to wear, nothing to take. Absolutely harmless, even to the most delicate baby's skin. It has a wonderful purifying affinity for the skin, and swiftly restores it to its original condition of natural purity. A blotched, pimply skin or muddy complexion is unnatural. A baby's skin is soft, clear and beautiful because it is pure. It is only in after life that the accumulated impurities in the skin destroy the perfect complexion that can be fully restored by Madam Ina Warren's Mineral Compound.

We want women everywhere to know of this wonderful discovery and its remarkable ability to create beauty, and we are so positive of its beautifying power, that we will make 10,000 women the following special offer:—We will clear any face of pimples, blackheads and unsightly blemishes in 20 minutes. Don't send us one cent—just your name and address on the coupon (coupon must be used on this offer) and we will send a regular full professional size tube of Madam Ina Warren's Mineral Compound and an extra tube of the same size FREE. Upon delivery pay the postman only $1.98 and a few cents postage, thus getting a full $4.00 supply for the extremely low introductory price of only $1.98.

Use Madame Ina Warren's Mineral Compound according to the simple directions and if you are not amazed and delighted to find your skin and complexion restored to flawless purity—simply return the unused portion and we will immediately refund your money in full without question.

Remember a regular $2.00 tube absolutely FREE, if you mail coupon now! The only condition that we impose in making this wonderful, liberal and unprecedented Special Introductory Free Offer, is that you help to spread the news about this wonderful new beautifier—tell your friends who comment on the marvelous improvement in your appearance that Madam Ina Warren's Mineral Compound did it. That's all we ask of you! Mail the coupon now.

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MADAME INA WARREN,
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I accept your special offer to send me one $2.00 professional size tube of Madam Ina Warren's Mineral Compound, also one same size tube FREE. I will pay postman $1.98 plus postage upon delivery. If I am not satisfied I will return unused portion and you will promptly refund my money.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

What Our Readers Think of Us

This Week's $10.00 Prize Letter

I am, I suppose, what one would term a movie fiend. As a matter of fact, I am a subscriber to almost every motion picture magazine published. This does not include Movie Weekly (yet) as I did not know a magazine by this name was published until several weeks ago. Please don't laugh at my ignorance.

I simply stumbled, so to speak, on Movie Weekly. Once when I was getting a soda in one of the drug stores and incidentally trying to kill time, I sauntered over to the magazine counter for a magazine to read. It seemed that I could not find a movie magazine that I did not already have. I was disgusted! Then my eye fell on a smaller magazine on which was printed "Movie Weekly." I picked it up eagerly and glanced through its pages. I fell for it! It seemed such a human magazine, if a magazine could be termed *"human."* But you know what I mean.

"The Colonel" answered practically all of the questions in my mind about the stars about which I was in doubt. Then the articles by the different stars of their lives deeply impressed me. Of course we are all interested in the actors and actresses whom we see at our local picture houses. I want to say here that Marion Davies' article about her life is probably the most interesting one I have read. She has a style of writing which to me is most attractive. Then, I consider Norma Talmadge's advice very fine. I read it, I believe, almost as eagerly as those whose questions she is answering.

Well, for several weeks I have been reading Movie Weekly and leaving it at the office in which I am employed. Last night I chanced to take the September 6th issue home and my sister immediately succumbed to the attractions of Movie Weekly. In fact, when I was preparing to go out I noticed that she had disrobed and was propped up in bed reading and chuckling over the article by Marion Davies. (You know there is *so* much in it true to the lives of almost any sisters. Those eternal quarrels that are founded on nothing whatever!) My sister never was one to care about reading, but Movie Weekly *had* her. To make a long story short, I had to promise to bring it home to her each week. I *will*, for I find it a most enjoyable little magazine and would like to have everyone learn of it and enjoy it too.

ELIZABETH E. GOETHE.
Jacksonville, Florida.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

MISS REBECCA WEST,
Granite City, Illinois.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

This Week's $3.00 Prize Letter

MISS ANNA M. MILLER,
Philadelphia, Pa.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Honorable Mention

MISS CLARA RUCH,
St. Louis, Mo.

Photograph by G. M. Kesslere

IF I WERE YOU

Norma Talmadge

L. V. S.: You are discouraged because your foreign-born parents insist upon guarding you so closely that it makes you feel you cannot be trusted. While they no doubt have your interest and well-being at heart, it is obvious that they are blind to the fact that their overwatchfulness will deprive you of all opportunity for advancement and self-expression. Such rigid restriction can accomplish only two things—either they will break your spirit and kill all initiative or else they will force you to open rebellion, which will mean disaster to your musical career. I can quite understand that you feel your father is not tolerant, and I readily agree with you that he ought to allow you more freedom in joining the out-of-town concerts given by your orchestra. A girl of your nature who is completely absorbed in her music is not going to "go wrong" while with the other members of her company.

But, in all fairness, while you are condemning your father for his intolerance, you must remember to be tolerant with him. Do not forget that he belongs to another generation, another country where women were not allowed as much freedom as they are in America. He is probably trying to keep you apart from what he believes to be the "wickedness of the world." He is evidently making an effort to keep you "good" quite oblivious of the fact that one is good only when one *refuses* to be bad. Goodness does not mean running away from temptation. Perhaps by getting your father's viewpoint you can win him over to look at things your way. Keep on working hard at your art, for it will eventually be the means of your freedom.

Worried Elsie: You are in love with a married man who has two children and you want to know whether he will be able to forget his little girls whom you say he "adores"—when he divorces his wife and marries you. He has told you that he can forget her. No doubt he is telling you the truth, for he is evidently a man who can easily forget anyone who might be a hindrance to him in attaining what he wants. A man who is capable of forgetting his children and the mother of his children is equally as capable of forgetting the woman who took him from them when he has grown tired of her. I daresay that the one person he is not ever going to be able to forget is himself.

Cheeky: A girl of seventeen living in a foreign country can furnish unlimited material for conjectures on the part of the old lady boarders in the house. When they insist upon asking you questions such as where you are going, how you are going and what are you going to do about everything, then is the time, I think, for you to say to them sweetly, "But *that* would be telling." There is no reason why you should satisfy their curiosity. I wonder what they would think if you inquired so persistently into their personal affairs.

R. M.: After all, my dear, it is not the end of the world when your fiance takes a girl home from the theatre. Perhaps it *is* true that circumstances forced him to see her home after he had been presented to her by a friend. At any rate, the crime was not great and he is begging you to forget about it and marry him as soon as possible. You are hesitating, visualizing a future where you play the role of the neglected wife. I quite agree with your frank and sensible chum who had the courage to remind you of the time in the early days of your love affair when you saw fit to go places with other men, making the man you loved furious. Since he forgave you freely after you promised not to repeat your actions again, why not show him that you can be as generous as he was? However, if you still feel uncertain, I think I would not hurry the wedding until you are sure that you are going to be happy with him and until he has proved that he, too, can abide by his promise as sincerely as you have by yours. It is, however, an erroneous idea and one which causes untold unhappiness for engaged or even married couples to feel that they literally "own" each other, feeling bitter resentment at the temporary intrusion of a third party. Real love is capable of trusting and must not only tolerate but forgive.

Just John: It is difficult to tell anyone what vocation he should choose in life, particularly when that advice is intended for a stranger. The fact that you are discontented with being a clerk in a store shows that you are not content to remain in a rut. The only way to get out of a rut is to fit yourself for something better than you are doing now so that when you become a little more proficient you will be able to step out into work that is more congenial. There must be some one thing that you like or can do better than anything else. It may be office work or selling. Whatever this natural tendency is it should be cultivated for only through self-expression can one ever hope to accomplish one's best. I don't mean that a *desire* to act is necessarily going to make one a good actor. There is a certain glamor about the stage that attracts ambitious youth to it as the flame does the moth. But I mean that what one can really *do* best is the thing one should do, whether it is writing or selling or running a tea room. Find something which you feel you can do a little better than anything else and then set about to fit yourself for doing it a little better than anyone else. That's success.

W. B.: You are interested in becoming a motion picture cameraman and (*Continued on page 28*)

geles; Hobart Bosworth at 219 Dohen Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., and Anna May Wong at 241 N. Figueroa St., Los Angeles.

DOLLY—Tommy Meighan was born in Pittsburgh in 1883. He has been married for years to Frances Ring; write him at the Los Angeles Athletic Club.

M. E. L.—Don't worry, I won't rush. I've got a lifetime to answer questions in. Some reports say Tom Mix was born in Texas, others in Mix Run, Pa. Take your choice. He is in his forties and is married to Victoria Forde. His next picture will be "Oh, You Tony."

JOHN—Your signature is so blurred I can't read it. The leading male role in "Woman to Woman" was played by Clive Brook.

I. D.—I know what someone should give you for Christmas—the book of knowledge. You certainly want to know a lot. Mae Murray is thirty-one; her next picture will be "The Merry Widow." Baby Peggy has dark hair and eyes; she has one sister, Louise. Patsy Ruth Miller is about nineteen; she has brown hair.

MIAMI BATHING BEAUTY—So you think I have an assistant Colonel? After reading your list of questions I certainly shouted for help! Most of the addresses you ask for, however, are already given on this page. Write George O'Hara at the F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood; he is in his early twenties. Dick Barthelmess, Inspiration Pictures, Inc., 565 Fifth Ave., New York. He is married to Mary Hay. Bebe Daniels is twenty-three.

A. GREEN—Sorry, the only address I have for Mae Busch is Metro-Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal. She weighs 125. Mary Beth Milford is about nineteen.

A BLONDE AND A BRUNETTE—Is Barbara La Marr married! If her lawyer can't even figure that out, how can I tell? However, she is Mrs. Jack Daugherty. Valentino is twenty-nine. Jackie Coogan has brown hair. Baby Peggy's latest picture is "Helen's Babies."

Q. T.—Since you're so interested in Marion Davies, you've surely been reading her life story in Movie Weekly. Her real name is Douras. She has very blonde hair and blue eyes; her address is International Studio, 127th St. and 2nd Ave., New York. Rosemary Davies looks very much like Marion, being quite blonde—except that she is plumper.

A DREAMER—The reason you see Norma Talmadge's name mentioned so seldom in my column is that she is so well-known most of the fans already know all about her. Write her at 1540 Broadway, New York.

MARGIE—You not only *may* write again, but I hope you *will*. No, we don't see much of James Morrison any more, perhaps because Vitagraph, for whom he played, hasn't made so many pictures lately. He is in his thirties, has brown eyes and hair and is 5 feet 10 inches tall. Besides the pictures you mention, he also played recently in "The Dangerous Age," "Held to Answer," "The Unknown Purple" and "Wine of Youth."

MAGGIE—Pearl White has practically retired from the screen, though she makes a picture occasionally in Paris, where she now lives. Her latest there is "Terror." Lila Lee is Mrs. James Kirkwood, and there is a new son. Marion Davies is not married.

WESLEY—The new Harold Lloyd baby is a daughter named Gloria, after Mildred Davis Lloyd's friend, Gloria Hope. Betty Compson is about twenty-five; she is not married. Richard Talmadge's real name is Metzetti. Hope Hampton is twenty-four; write her at 1540 Broadway, New York. Doug Fairbanks is forty-one.

B. T. C.—You have probably had your answers by now. Yes, Shirley Mason is still with Fox her next picture will be "The Strange Woman." Shirley was born in 1901; she is 5 feet tall, weighs 94, and is a blonde with gray eyes. Her husband, Bernard Durning, died last winter of pneumonia.

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What the Stars Do When They Leave the Studio

(Continued from page 5)

an impromptu solo dance. Here "Our Club" holds its anniversary dinners. Here all the gossip of the studios finds a clearing house.

A sign, "Guests in MakeUp Welcome," assures a movie clientele at all times, but on Saturday noon a special movie luncheon, referred to as the Dress Strut, brings out all the new sport clothes and samples of what the well-dressed man will wear, and the room is so crowded with people there to stare and be stared at that Charlie Chaplin, arriving late one Saturday noon, found it impossible to make his way to his reserved table in a far corner, and so got down on his hands and knees and crawled under the tables until he reached his seat!

The Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador is another resort of film folk, and no one leaps for the stuffed monkeys when they are unexpectedly let down from the foliage overhead with more enthusiasm than some star whose weekly wage runs into the thousands. This feature of Hollywood night life, by the way, was copied in the cafe scene from "Three Women." The Schencks and Connie Talmadge are frequent guests—it comes the nearest to New York of any place that homesick Connie can find!

Once a week, on Tuesday evenings, some woman star acts as Hostess, and tiny waxen figures of her, with startlingly life-like features, adorn the tables. Perhaps no other restaurant in the world can boast so many celebrities among its guests—visiting scientists, foreign authors, titled travelers, playrights, directors and screen stars visit from table to table and call greetings across the tumult of the saxophone. At this table Norma Talmadge in black and silver is entertaining the Ambassador from Jugo-Slovakia and Elinor Glyn. Viola Dana and Lefty Flynn rise to dance together. Nazimova, with a coiffure so tight and sleek it looks as though painted on her small head, waves at Pauline Frederick two tables away. A flock of brilliant colored balloons is wafted by a sudden breeze across the tables and glowing cigarettes burst then to the accompaniment of cries and laughter. Aha, thinks the seeker after a Hollywood Nights Tale! This is th' life!

Other cafes have sprung up on all sides with the charitable purpose of helping the movie stars get rid of their money. There is the Latin Quarter cafe in an old and abandoned studio, reached by a path lined with plaster casts of the Discus Thrower and Madame Milo. Inside crudely painted walls, balconies, and tiny stall-like private rooms with intriguing names—"The Pirate's Den," "Sheba's Shelter," "The Heart's Desire"—greet the eye. Italian spaghetti lures many film favorites here to partake of the humble seventy-five cent dinner. The enterprising proprietor, with a view to increasing his patronage, called upon Famous Players last week and suggested that the company sue him for fifty thousand dollars because a poster of a not over-dressed lady on his walls looked like Pola Negri!

On the theory that it is *so* Bohemian to go downstairs to eat, the Greenwich Village Cafe was started in the cellar of the Christie Hotel. Last week Clara Bow won a silver cup in a dancing contest there. Many of the stars who come to dine remain to perform—perhaps Virginia Valli sings a negro croon to her own accompaniment on the ukelele or Ben Turpin rises suddenly from his seat, turns a double flip flop the length of the dancing floor, disappears into an anteroom to reappear with a tiger skin about his waist and do a ludicrous burlesque of aesthetic dancing, while the tourists whisper to one another—"Is that Valentino? Or Von Stroheim?"

Every Friday night the Hollywood Legion Stadium is packed with ardent devotees of the manly art of boxing. Conway Tearle, Richard Dix, Creighton Hale, always have ringside seats when they are in town, and Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are heard but not seen—if they know in advance when the flashlight is going to be taken! After Chaplin's fistic encounter with Mr. Julien, the oil magnate, he was given a tremendous ovation when he entered the Stadium.

In the story of the night life of Hollywood, the Writers' Club plays an important part. It is the only place in town where people can dine out of doors under the purple California skies and among —or is it *amid?*—the renowned climate. White-jacketed Jap boys move among the tables on the huge veranda with its spacious open-air fireplace, and costly conversation floats from the diffeent groups—"He paid ten thousand for his last screen story" . . . "'Unblushing Brides' may not be a good title, but it will pull them in!"

In the billiard room several elderly, baldish continuity writers play endless games of billiards, even on Pre-View Nights, when the literary colony and the *intelligentsia* of the movies turns out to look at a new picture written, directed or acted by one of the members, and proffered with witty remarks by Rupert Hughes or Milton Sills or one of the other inveterate Hollywood toastmasters. Among the shifting scenes is flung suddenly a glimpse of a New York street, and suddenly all these exiles from Broadway break into tumultuous applause as *heimweh* tugs at their heart strings for the execrable climate, the dear ugliness and the squalid splendor, the quinine and companionship of the City of the Hudson.

Among the bronze and purple foothills, the Hollywood Bowl lies under the stars. And yonder, where the tall cross blazes on the hillside, is the open-air theatre where—in Hollywood the Wicked—the life of Christ is played every year by community actors. Summer evenings the streets for blocks about each of these places are choked with parked cars, among them the limousines and roadsters of many film stars, who sit on the hard wooden benches in the darkness to listen to one of the finest symphony orchestras in the world, or the beautiful words of the Sermon on the Mount.

The Los Angeles Country Club excludes all people connected with the motion pictures from membership, but there are a dozen others that welcome them heartily, not to say effusively. Among the most popular is the Beach Club, where the film hero, weary of heroing and the screen heroine, worn out by a hot day under the Kleigs, repair for a swim, a shower and a dinner to the accompaniment of the lilt of the waves instead of jazz.

The Ship, a cabaret in an old stranded hulk, used to be a favorite resort in the old un-Volsteady days, when Fatty Arbuckle was king of good fellows in Hollywood night life, but it foundered and sank without a trace in lemonade and one-half of one per cent beer.

Culver City boasts the Green Mill, where Harold Lloyd used to dance with Mildred Davis in their courting days. Los Angeles beckons the amusement-seeking stars with the beautiful new Biltmore ballroom, the hope of seeing a raid on Madame Zucca's Italian restaurant off the Plaza in the Mexican quarter and the slummy adventure of an evening at "The Humming Bird," a negro dance hall. For stronger brands of excitement there is Tia Juana, across the border in Mexico—some hundred and fifty miles away, to be sure, but that's only an evening's jaunt to a seventy horsepower car! On New Year's Eve twelve thousand visitors filled the huge bare board Casino with its gaming tables, its shanty saloons, its muddy dirt streets and Foreign Club. Negro dance hall girls, faces ghastly with violet powder, lead the visitor to the bars, mechanical pianos squeak; in the Casino the croupier drones, "Step up and make your plays." Even star gold melts quickly at Tia Juana!

The high spot in the night life of Hollywood is a first night at Grauman's Egyptian Palace. For hours before the doors open, a crowd of fans gather until when the stars do begin to arrive they are almost swept off their feet by the struggling throngs. Now at last all the jewels come out of the moth balls; top hats, white fox coats and brocade and very decollete evening gowns pass down the long collonade by the gilt statue of Anubis, by the great golden book in which visiting Elks and conventions of insurance men write their names, while a battery of search lights plays over the Fortunate Ones to whom five dollars for a seat at a picture show is of no consequence.

The searchlights snap out. The fans disperse—by nine o'clock the Boulevard shows only a few straggling passersby. At the Y. M. C. A. Eddie Phillips boxes a friendly round with young George O'Brien. The seductive plaint of "What'll I *Do?*" floats down from the open windows of the Montmartre, a trolley car clatters by, autos move in a glittering stream along the roads toward the City of the Angels, and on the foothills the huge "Hollywoodland" sign seems to speak in glittering letters of sites for castles in the air.

Hollywood night life! The searchlight from

the Athletic Club picks out hills, trees, roofs from the soft darkness an instant and loses them again. A huge studio truck rumbles through the streets on the way home from a location trip. From the tiny studio bungalow on the corner Robert Frazer's powerful radio garners wisdom from the ether:

"And so Gran'pa Fuzzy Bear went home from Peter Rabbit's party——"

Marion Davies' Life Story

(*Continued from page* 13)

What Has Gone Before

In the foregoing instalments of this life story by herself, Marion Davies has written of her childhood in Brooklyn, the city of her birth; of her family's removal to New York, where she and her sisters, Rosemary, Ethel and Reine, grew into girlhood, and many of the amusing incidents of her school days.

She has told of Rosemary's and her ambition to go on the stage and of how they secured positions as chorus girls in "The Sunshine Girl" and later in "The Little Cafe," musical successes of a few years ago. She has written about her first engagement with the Follies and a later one with Raymond Hitchcock's production, which was followed by a return in 1917 to Mr. Ziegfeld's famous girl show.

In that production Miss Davies impersonated Mary Pickford and that fact put the "movie" idea into her head. So when her brother-in-law decided to back a moving picture, Marion went to the studio to have a "test" taken.

over and over and over a scene with my director as minutely and as painstakingly as a girl would practise scales on the piano until each little wooden finger became supple and proficient.

I realized that I was in the kindergarten and that I must act like a kindergartner.

But as time passed I felt that I was beginning to learn. I could *feel* my acting developing. I began to respond naturally where before I had been mechanical. I read a great deal, too. I studied persons and how they would act under such and such a circumstance, so that I could apply their behavior to mine. I studied reactions. I watched faces on the screen, on the subways, on the stage, at home, everywhere . . . I went to odd homes and walked unfrequented streets . . . I tried to study from life as well as from my dramatic instructors and from my directors . . . I began to feel exultant, for I knew that I was learning, that success was on the way . . .

It was a longer "row to hoe" than I care to go into here. It sounds very brief and off-hand, but you must remember that there were days and days and days of bleak discouragement. Weeks and months of it. Other peoples' successes . . . other people being taken seriously . . . while I was laughed at . . .

I learned, too, that one has to be very watchful and, like a physician, learn to take the public pulse. Public taste always changes. What is popular today is in the discard tomorrow. One has to be perpetually on the lookout, or one will have made a bad picture no matter what the endeavor behind it.

I forgot to say that before I was really starred I worked for a little while as an extra in the Reliance Motion Picture Corporation. With Rosemary.

At that time Mr. Griffith was up there, with Lillian Gish. Anne Luther was there, too. Of course everybody was trying to get the attention of Griffith. In one picture my sister Rosemary played the part of a boarding-house girl. One day Griffith called for her. They thought that he meant me. They sent for me and I nearly fell over myself in my anxiety. Hope surged through me like a tide. But I had still the long way to go. When I got there and confronted him with burning face and excited eyes he said, "*You're* not the one I mean."

Rosemary was then sent for and he asked her if she would like to go to California.

She said that she wanted to think it over. Rosemary was cooler about things than I. Perhaps because she was on the verge of getting married and so it didn't, at that time, mean quite so much to her.

But she told all her friends about it and they told her that she was "made" and that she should ask for $150 a week.

Rosemary came home that night and told mother and dad, but they said that she couldn't go so far away from home. They told her that she was too young. She told them what an opportunity it was and how she had been told to ask $150 a week and she couldn't bear to cast away a fortune. Dad told her that he was afraid she was building castles in the air, and to see what happened and then report to them. Mother stuck to it that she didn't want Rosemary to go.

Well, then, the next day Rosemary went back and informed Mr. Griffith that she would like to kno wwhat salary she would get. He told her $50 a week. She said, no, she wanted $150. Griffith told her he would think it over, but I think he had thought it over while she spoke. She never heard from him again.

I wished ardently that I had been in Rosemary's shoes. I would have gone for the $50, and I am afraid I would have had it out with mother. But it didn't happen to me.

I would still like to work under Griffith if for nothing else than the experience. It would be like taking a new course in acting. I think it would be wonderful. But I don't suppose that I ever shall . . .

When I continue this story of my life next week I will tell how it felt when the clouds began to turn their dear old silver linings. Honestly, they do have 'em . . .

We Interview Harold Lloyd

(*Continued from page* 21)

and you can eat everything under the sun all the time, too."

(*There is animated talk of other things . . . the new plays . . . golf . . . speech-making, for Harold Lloyd dreads a speech worse than anything else in the world, it has become the bogeyman of his fame . . . he has threatened to give up going out if the calls for him do not desist . . . and then the interviewers prepare to depart, as always, reluctantly*).

A. W. F.: "It is after two and we don't want to make you and your mother late for the matinee. What are you going to take her to see?"

Harold: "'White Cargo.' Is it good? I saw 'The Show-Off' last night and 'Expressing Willie' the night before that. I nearly fell out of my seat laughing at both of them. Joe and I and Gaylord, my brother, have been imitating the laugh that fellow in 'The Show-Off' has ever since we heard him."

G. H.: "How does your mother like New York?"

Harold: "First rate. We're going to do all the shows. Saw the Follies the other night, but it was queered for me because Will Rogers, darn him, dragged me up on the stage with his lassoo. I nearly died of stage-fright. But he did help me some by speaking for me instead of making me speak. That helped a little. Then he dragged me back stage and that was almost as bad as out front. All those girls . . ." (*Girl-Shy Harold shuddered realistically*).

A. W. F. (*after the laughter had subsided*): "You don't know what you're going to do when you get back, do you?"

Harold (*shaking his head*): "Haven't the slightest idea. That's why I came on to New York. I wanted to get away from the atmosphere of picture-making . . . see the new plays . . . and then go back for a fresh start. I do that every time I

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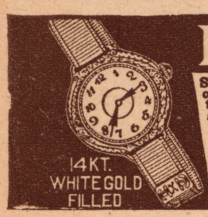

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Subscription Agency Department

MOVIE WEEKLY

1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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finish a picture and I think it helps me keep a spontaneity."

(*In the lobby the good-byes are said, after Harold has been urged to have some photographs made, another pet aversion*).

Harold (*with his typical cordiality*): "Mighty good to see you again. And if you can spare the time I'd appreciate your criticism of 'Hot Water' . . . no bunk, you know . . . what you really think of it . . ."

A. W. F.: "We will . . . the truth . . ."

G. H. (*solemnly*): "THE TRUTH."

SCENE III.

The same as usual. Dressing-room where the Interviewers have hastily repaired to repair. G. H. is studying her reflection in a pier glass. A. W. F. is fatuously beaming upon some photographs. she is about to carry back with her to her editorial sanctum.

A. W. F.: "Isn't he the nicest person in the world? 'Nice' so seldom really suits anyone. But it does Harold."

G. H.: "You always have something so sweet to say of the stars. I wish we could meet one who would incur your venom. This deadly syrup is beginning to get on my nerves. I crave change and the stimulation of novelty. I . . . and anyway, you *would* see to it that we interviewed him at the end of the season when all my clothes are shabby and hopeless. *That's* friendship . . . between wimmin . . ."

A. W. F. (*casting a look upon the rising Grouch*): "Really, my dear, I'm not Harold Lloyd's professional mentor. It is not for me to say when he shall and shall not come to New York. However, if I may say so, I'm glad to see him anyway, your habiliments notwithstanding. He's so darn refreshing. He's one person that I'm comfortable with, no matter what my attire."

G. H. (*showing feeble signs of penitence*): "That's right. He is a peach. Yeah, I guess clothes are clothes to him. Success hasn't touched him an iota."

A. W. F.: "If it did he'd be ruined professionally, I think. He's really himself on the screen, modest, retiring, earnest and sincere. Conceit would strike the healthy roots of his success a deadly blow."

G. H.: "True enough.

"And doesn't Joe Reddy think he is A-1, too? *That's* a test . . . you might almost say that no star is a hero to his press agent. Incidentally, what does he have a press agent *for*, anyway? Not to get him publicity. Heaven knows . . ."

A. W. F.: "No, rather as a discriminator of publicity, I think. Also as a help to editors. Joe keeps his appointments straight and sees that six magazines don't send their representatives to see him at one time. He sees, too, that the different editors get the pictures they want and not the pictures they don't want. And it's probably a part of his job to keep certain persons away . . ."

G. H.: "I should think that might well be. I wish I could have someone to keep certain persons away from *me*."

A. W. F. (*as if this last were a bit TOO much*): "You and Harold are scarcely in the same position, my good girl."

G. H. (*drearily*): "No, worse. Much, much worse. Ah, I admit it.

A. W. F. (*briskly*): "Well, come on, put your litany to Harold Lloyd on paper and earn your salary."

G. H.: "Coming, my young Commercialist. From stars to salaries. Which reminds me of our usual problem—the taxi fare."

A. W. F. (*as they saunter through the lobby and defeat the revolving doors*): "Well it might, since you have to pay it."

(*Last glimpse of the Interviewers shows G. H. muttering anathema to herself as she scurries about searching for a cut-rate taxi, while A. W. F. stands tapping one consciously well-shod toe upon the curb. It is to be conjectured that G. H. eventually acquired the cut-rater. Practise has made her perfect*).

CURTAIN.

If I Were You

(*Continued from page 24*)

want to know where you can study. I think the best thing for you to do is to write to a local representative of a New York news reel who will be able to give you the desired information more definitely than anyone else. I want to warn you, however, that this particular field is already overcrowded. There are hundreds of competent men who have been forced to seek other lines of work in an endeavor to keep themselves going because there were not enough jobs to go around.

D. S.: If you will write to any film manufacturing company or laboratory in New York City—and there are at least twenty-five reliable ones—they will be glad to furnish the technical information you need in order to make a moving picture. They will advise you how to go about it and tell you how certain colors photograph. The fact that red takes black and blue becomes white, and green, gray, is all very confusing to a novice. There is so much to learn that it is quite natural for one to become discouraged.

E. L.: While a school girl, thirteen years of age, must take into consideration the fact that her clothes must endure the strain of hard wear, there is no reason why she cannot combine beauty with utility. The little tan and blue checked suit designed by yourself sounds very pleasing and will, I am sure, be most becoming to you. I think a pongee blouse will be better than a white one; it will harmonize better with the suit.

A. E.: If you have a fund of good plots which you think can be developed into interesting scenarios, it might prove worth your while to write them into story or scenario form and submit them to the scenario department of a reliable motion picture concern. The library of your city will be able to furnish you with any number of good books that have been written on the technique of scenario writing!

K. Z.: What you should call the young daughter of your grandmother's second husband depends, I think, upon the age of both of you. If she is near your own age, it would seem more simple to call her by her first name instead of Aunt E———. Miss ——— seems rather stiff considering she is practically a member of the family, although you have never met her before. Perhaps the best way is to ask her when you meet what she would like to have you call her. That will help you to get over the introduction which you seem to dread. Since she has been very generous with you in the matter of sending you clothes, I think I should by all means refer to the pleasure which she gave you by sending them. One of the best ways to make her like you is to try in every way to be thoughtful and considerate of her comfort and welfare while she is a guest in your home. I cannot tell you the exact words to say to her on any occasion, but I am sure that she will appreciate whatever you say in sincere spontaneity far more than any little speech which I might suggest.

M. J.: It seems rather strange that your mother should be pleased at first when you were offered a position on the stage, and then forbid your accepting it a little later. It would be much better if she gave you her reason for having changed her mind. If you have taken up dancing with the idea of making your living by it, the only logical thing is for you to accept engagements when they come along, provided they are the right kind. A girl as young as you are should not think of going on the road without an older person to accompany you. Perhaps your mother would be willing to let you go if you asked her to join you. Do your share in livening your mother's life up and see if she does not respond. In the meantime don't be discouraged about your work. Dancing is a career that takes a lot of patience and hard work before one can hope to become skilled. Even though you do not go on the stage for another year, you need not worry, for you will have that year in which to perfect yourself even more than you have already.

E. A. D.: I have found that plain vaseline rubbed gently into the roots of the eyelashes or eyebrows is effective in making them grow more rapidly. Vaseline is a petroleum product and

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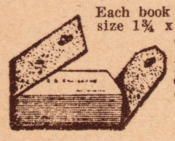

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P. K.: When an American woman is presented at a foreign court, she receives instruction from an official of that court in regard to her presentation gown. There is no set rule governing this; it is a thing that varies according to the ruler and the court to which she is to be presented.

It is much harder to put on flesh than it is to take it off. Thin people as a rule do not take life as easily as do fat people. They live at such a high tension that they never give the flesh a chance to accumulate. Milk is one of the best fat producers there is. Drink as much of it as you can. You can have as many starches as you want—potatoes and bread, which are taboo to one of extra pounds, will help you. Eat enough green vegetables and take sufficient exercise to insure proper assimilation of your food. Get plenty of sleep and fresh air. And, above all, don't worry.

On the Set and Off

(*Continued from page* 19)

at her, the wife of the actor is suing for divorce.

Mrs. Hale alleges that her husband receives $600 weekly, and asks $250 a week alimony and $1,000 counsel fees.

The couple were married in New York in 1912. They have two children, Patrick, Jr. and Robert.

Aboard the yacht of Mr. and Mrs. Don Lee, prominent Los Angelans, Alma Rubens is whiling away a few days between pictures. Miss Rubens came West three months ago to appear in "Gerald Cranston's Lady" for Fox, intending to return East immediately after its completion. But offers came so thick and fast that her stay was lengthened and the date of her return to New York is now indefinite.

The Beverly Bayne fans of early film days will probably burst into song at the announcement from Warner Brothers that Miss Bayne has been signed by them to a long-term contract. She has recently appeared in two Warner pictures, and "The Age of Innocence," the Edith Wharton novel, will provide her next vehicle.

Just when he has become comfortably settled in his new Beverly Hills home, Adolphe Menjou has been informed that he is to trek to New York, to appear with Elsie Ferguson in "The Swan." The role of the Prince has been given to Menjou, than whom there is none than whomer.

Three films of exceptional interest are going into production shortly at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

"The Merry Widow," under Von Stroheim's direction, awaits only the return of Mae Murray from New York. Jack Gilbert has been awarded the fascinating role of Prince Danilo opposite Miss Murray.

"The Wife of the Centaur," by the young college professor, Cyril Hume, will be King Vidor's next production. (No, children, this is not an animal picture).

"Fashions for Men," the Franz Molnar play, is in the preparatory stage and will be filmed shortly under the stylish direction of John M. Stahl.

A blackmailer who thoughtfully signed his full name and address to a letter demanding $100 from Douglas Fairbanks, caused some consternation at the breakfast table at Pickfair recently.

Doug, after reading the letter, turned it over to the police and postal authorities, who tracked the blackmailer to his lair. He turned out to be a 13-year-old Spanish boy who tearfully explained that he was writing a "scenario" and, being a realist, he wanted to discover just what happened to the writer of blackmail letters.

After being thoroughly instructed on this delicate point by the police, the boy was released on good behavior.

June Mathis, the scenario writer, made two important announcements this week. First, that she is neither engaged nor married to George Walsh, and second, that she has signed a contract to adapt plays and stories to the screen for First National.

It is understood that Miss Mathis will be asso-

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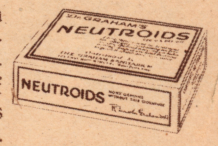

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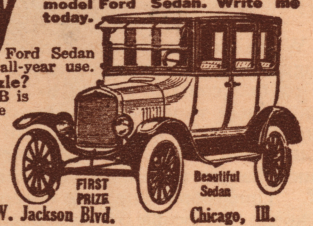

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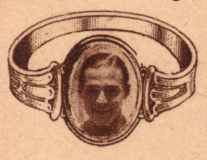

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ciated with the Colleen Moore unit, upon the completion of Colleen's present vehicle, "So Big."

Constance Talmadge and Antonio Moreno. There's an attractive combination. Tony will play opposite Connie in "Learning to Love," on which the young comedienne will start work within a week or so.

The matrimonial urge is strong in Hollywood just now. Claire Windsor and Bert Lytell admit that they are to be married soon.

Lilyan Tashman, stage and screen actress, and Edmund Lowe, Fox film star, also announce their engagement. No definite date has been set for the wedding ceremony, but it will probably occur in the early winter.

Cecelia De Mille, daughter of Cecil De Mille, is winning prizes in Northern California with her beautiful mare, Golden Lady. Four blue ribbons were awarded Golden Lady in Stockton recently, a remarkable record, and Miss De Mille will now take her to the Sacramento Horse Show and several other shows along the Pacific coast.

There have been so many of these "Women" titles lately. "The Forgotten Woman," "The Other Woman," "Unguarded Women," "The Tenth Woman," etc., etc.

Now along comes Norma Talmadge and changes the title of her latest completed picture, "Sacrifice," to "The Only Woman."

To add to the general mix-up we must warn the fans that "The Only Woman" is quite a different person—film, we mean—from "The Lady" which now engages Miss Talmadge's attention.

And now it is Jack Dempsey who has submitted to the plastic surgeon's knife and emerged from the operating room with a new nose.

When Jack first signed his film contract with Universal, it was discovered that his nose simply would have to be altered if he was to be a screen hero. So Jack's nose was built up with putty whenever he put on a make-up, and the screen revealed a classic profile. Evidently the champ fancied the effect and determined to have a handsome nose of his own. The operation was the result.

Samuel Goldwyn announced last week that he has signed a contract with Ronald Colman to appear under his banner for five years. Colman sprang to fame overnight in his first picture, "The White Sister," and has just completed work in "Tarnish."

It is Mr. Goldwyn's intention to star Colman as soon as conditions permit. While the first picture in which Ronald Colman will appear under his new agreement has not been announced, it is understood that it will be from the novel "The Worldlings." It is also rumored that Alice Terry will play the leading feminine role in the picture.

From Hollywood comes the announcement that Tolstoi's "Resurrection" will be produced with Theda Bara starred. Part of the picture will be made in Russia, the despatch states, star, director and technical unit proceeding direct to the scene of the story as it came from the Russian novelist.

Is it possible that Felix, the Cat, will make personal appearances in nine theatres at once with each one of his lives?

Looking like the "last gasp" from Paris, Gloria Swanson sailed for Europe on the *Berengaria* a week ago, occupying the same suite the Prince of Wales used upon his voyage to this country.

Miss Swanson went abroad to play in the film version of "Madame Sans-Gene."

Among the engagements of motion picture people to be announced recently is that of Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe. The couple met about three years ago on Broadway and lately renewed their acquaintance in Hollywood, where Miss Tashman is playing in the film version of "The Garden of Weeds." While no definite date has been set for their marriage, it is believed that the wedding bells will ring for them in the very near future.

The Griffith company returned from Europe last week, where they spent the summer making "Dawn," the great director's latest screen under-

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taking. Neil Hamilton and Carol Dempster portray the leading roles in the production.

The shortest negotiations on record resulting in a motion picture contract took place recently between Bessie Love and Famous Players-Lasky Company. At 9:30 Miss Love entered the office of Charles Eyton, general manager of the West Coast studio activities of Famous Players. At 11:30 she was on the transcontinental train bound for New York, where she will play in Tom Meighan's current picture, "Tongues of Flame."

The contract was drawn up and signed and transportation to New York arranged exactly thirty minutes from the time Miss Love arrived at the studio and Mr. Eyton explained the role which was being held for her in "Tongues of Flame."

Agnes Ayres is really a remarkable young woman. Despite the vigilance with which the press watches the private lives of the motion picture stars, Miss Ayres managed to slip into Mexico last July 13th and marry S. Manuel Reachi, a wealthy Mexican diplomat.

Her mother was present at the ceremony and Miss Ayres almost immediately returned to Hollywood to appear in "Worldly Goods." It was after her wedding, in fact, that she announced her engagement.

At present Mr. and Mrs. Reachi are preparing for their wedding tour in Europe.

Rex Ingram has finally been persuaded to make another picture for the Metro-Goldwyn Company. If you'll remember, we prophesied this in our columns some weeks ago. We felt comparatively certain that the powers would not give this director up without something of a struggle. Alice Terry Ingram has come to New York to talk over the advisability of starring in this picture with Rex . . .

The chances are this will be a spectacular production and by the time this issue reaches the newsstands it is likely that the Ingrams will have sailed for France, where this picture is to be filmed.

You were in luck a few weeks ago if you had a West Point Cadet for a beau. By a special dispensation from the government, about forty cadets came down from West Point to appear in some studio scenes for the new Dick Barthelmess picture, "Classmates."

Dick has been at West Point for weeks appearing in all the outdoor scenes, but this episode, dealing with a dance, had to be taken in the studio.

And the cadets were invited to bring their girls for their partners.

Watching them dancing while the camera ground, we wondered how many of these girls hoped the director would see in them a potential motion picture star and give them a little extra "business" to do. We knew that almost every girl there had borrowed some article of her toilette . . . either slippers, the frock itself, fan, shawl, gloves, pearls, bracelet or sparkling comb . . . from her sister or the girl next door.

Their hair was dressed in every conceivable way. We never saw so many different bobs.

A number of the girls were really lovely to look at. One girl in particular caught our attention. She was of medium heighth and slim. Her dark hair was parted in the center and framed her clear features in soft waves. Her frock was white and a pale pink gardenia fastened on her shoulder called attention to the same delicate pink in her fringed shawl. If we had been Director John Robertson, we would have given this girl a test. Her young beauty fascinated us.

Dick himself looked great in the cadet blue. And no West Pointer stood more erect . . . Mrs. Dick was there, too. She isn't in the picture, of course. She was a spectator.

Contest Results Soon

The winners of the 75 big cash prizes in the Star Face Contest which was recently conducted in Movie Weekly will be announced shortly in these columns. The work of scoring is practically completed and the clerks are now busy on the final recheck. Keep alert for the big announcement, as you may be one of the happy winners.

Would You Like To Have a Clear Skin?

Then Try This Delightful, Simple Way Which Thousands Say Is Freeing Them From Pimples, Acne, Blackheads, Oily Skin, Brown Spots and Unsightly Blemishes.

WONDERFUL RESULTS IN ONE DAY.

A Clear, Rosy, Soft and Velvety Complexion Is Nature's Greatest Gift and Attraction.

IS your complexion literally ruined by pimples, acne, or other unsightly blemishes? Is your skin muddy and sallow? Don't worry, and don't give up—no matter what you have tried, or how bad your case, I am positive that my simple, secret home treatment will give you a beautiful complexion free from every blemish. And the beauty of it all is the speed and ease with which it is accomplished. Frequently users report an amazing improvement in one day, and every pimple vanished in one week.

Thousands Have Proved That You Can Have a Clear Skin

Thousands of men and women in all parts of the U. S. and many foreign countries, who had given up after trying every conceivable method are now rejoicing in healthy, clear, attractive skins after using my delightful treatment a few days. These letters are typical of thousands.

Foreign Countries Like It, Too

Mr. Warren: Lingayen, Pangasinan.

Pardon me for not writing you immediately when I received your treatment and your letters. I am glad to inform you that your treatment has caused practically all the pimples on my face to vanish. I will tell my friends about this great improvement and get them to order from you. Yours, JOSE S. ESPINO.

Removes Pimples in 8 Days

Dear Friend: Colorado, Texas.

I can't thank you enough for Clear-Plex. I have used it eight days and all of my pimples and blackheads are all gone nearly, and my face is smooth and soft.

ALMA CORSTENSEN.

Cures Fourteen-Year-Old Girl

Dear Friend: Bay City, Mich.

I can't praise your Clear-Plex enough for what it has done for my 14-year-old daughter.

I felt that her looks were ruined for life till I began using your Clear-Plex. Now her face is almost entirely well and she has a beautiful, clear, soft, velvety complexion.

HATTIE JOHNSON.

Your Face Is Your Fortune

This old saying is literally true. An unsightly skin makes many an otherwise attractive man or woman a wall flower—makes them sensitive, embarrassed and repulses others. A fair, clear, soft, velvety skin draws friends to you and wins admiration, for beauty lies more in the complexion than in the features. Declare your independence today from your blemishes by using my wonderful home treatment.

TRY IT AT MY RISK

To prove that you can be rid of pimples, acne, brown spots, oily skin, blackheads and blemishes, I want to send you my simple home treatment under plain wrapper to try ten days. You will find it wonderfully delightful as it is as simple and easy to use as toilet water. Without obligation, just write or print your name on a post card or the coupon below for my introductory 10-day FREE TRIAL Offer.

W. H. WARREN,
907 Gateway Station Kansas City, Mo.

W. H. WARREN,
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Without obligation, please send me your introductory 10-day free trial offer.

Name.....

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FREE!

Both 10-Piece White Enamel Kitchen Set and 9-Piece Enameled Canister Set

Wonderful 32-Piece Aluminum Set consists of 2 Bread Pans; Doughnut Cutter; 2 Loose Bottom Jelly Cake Pans; Combination Teakettle and Rice Boiler with lid; Saucepan Set with lid; Dipper; Colander; Measuring Cup; Percolator; 2 Pie Pans; Castor Set (4 pieces); Tea or Coffee Strainer; Fry Pan; also Cooker Set of 5 pieces, making 11 separate utensil combinations, as follows: Preserving Kettle; Convex Kettle; Combination Cooker; Casserole; Pudding Pan; Tubed Cake Pan; Colander; Roaster; Corn Popper; Steamer Set; Double Boiler.

No Money Down!

Not a penny now. Just mail the coupon and **Hartman, the Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World,** will send you this splendid complete 32-Piece Aluminum Cooking Set, and with it, absolutely **FREE,** the **10-piece Combination Kitchen Set and handy 9-Piece Canister Set** described at right. When goods arrive make first payment of only $2 on the Aluminum Set.

Pay nothing for the Kitchen or Canister Set—they are FREE. Use all three set *30 days on Free Trial,* and if not more than satisfied, send them back and we will refund your money and pay transportation charges both ways. If you keep them, pay only for Aluminum Set, a little each month. Keep both the Kitchen Set and Canister Set as gifts from Hartman.

Complete 32-Piece Heavy Gauge Aluminum Cooking Set

This is Hartman's famous, special, selected set of heavy gauge Aluminum Ware—a complete cooking outfit, light to handle, easy to clean, always bright as silver. Will never chip, crack or rust. So durable that **we guarantee it for life.** 32 utensils—everything you need for baking, boiling, roasting, frying. And, think of it—

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This offer proves that Hartman gives the world's most liberal terms and the world's greatest values in dependable merchandise. You pay only $2 and postage on arrival for the Aluminum Set—not a penny to pay on either the Kitchen Set or Canister Set. Then, if after 30 days' trial you decide to keep it, pay a little every month. Take nearly a year to pay. Offer is limited. Mail coupon NOW, while you can get these wonderful **Free Gifts.**

Order by No. 417FFMA12.
Price for Aluminum Set, $18.95.
No money down. $2 and postage on arrival. Balance $2 monthly.
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Both sets free with Aluminum Set. **Kitchen Set** includes: **Potato Masher, Mixing Spoon, Measuring Spoon, Ice Pick, Egg and Cream Beater, Can Opener, Vegetable and Pan Brush, Fork, Egg and Cake Turner, Wall Rack.** All have white enameled handles and hang on wall rack. **Canister Set** includes: **Large canisters for Tea, Coffee and Sugar, small containers for Pepper, Cinnamon, Allspice, Nutmeg, Cloves and Ginger,** all enameled in colors with black lettering designating contents. Offer limited

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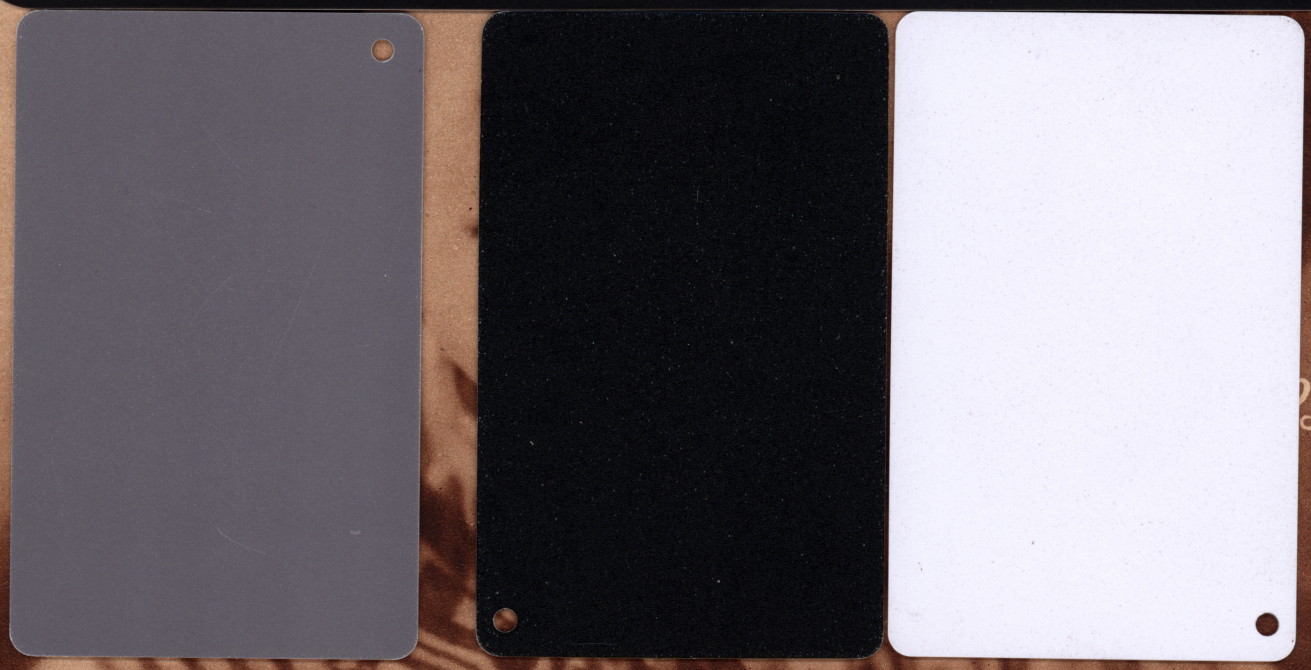

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CLARENCE S. BULL

We INTERVIEW HAROLD LLOYD by GLADYS HALL and ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

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1924

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ELEANOR BOARDMAN
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